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A

YEAR's JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE,

AND

PART OF SPAIN.

BY

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

VOLUME II.

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DIRECTIONS to the BINDER:

Place the Author's Equipage, - - - - page 71.
The Taurobolium, - - - - — 84
The Fandango Muſic, - - - - — 220

Note, The *Bas Reliefs*, on plate the 2d, in Vol. I. over the TEMPLE of DIANA, are cut on the *Pont du Guard*, and the Amphitheatre at *Niſmes*. Fig. 2 on the former; and 3, 4, and 5 on the latter.

ERRATA.

VOL. I. P. 13. line 3, read *unwarrantably*. P. 24. l. 3, for *here* r. *hither*. P. 29. l. 17, read *tolerably*. P. 35. l. 3, read *De Jardin*; l. 6, 7, read that *they* may and often *do*. P. 37. l. 2 from bottom, read *bade*. P. 45. l. 9, for *run*, r. *ran*. P. 50. l. 3, for *here*, r. *hither*. P. 69. l. 9. read *barbarous*. P. 75. l. 3, from bottom, for *is* r. *are*. P. 86. l. 3 from bottom, read *bien placés*. P. 96. l. 3, for *who*, r. *when*. P. 104. l. 18, after goods, put a *colon* : after letters, in the next line but one, a *comma*. P. 105. l. 11, r. if there *be* any. P. 117. l. 3, for *with* r. *of*. P. 123, l. 17, for *was*, r. *were*. P. 126. l. 18, for *bleſſeth*, r. *bleſſeſt*. P. 137. l. 5, "all his hoſpitality, &c." ſhould be in a parentheſis; l. 7 from bottom, for *them* r. *to*. P. 141. l. 5 from bottom, for *ingenious* r. *ingenuous*. P. 142. l. 6, dele *to*. P. 146. l. 4, et ſeq. r. *O'Reilly*. P. 149. l. 8, for *at* r. *of*. P. 158. l. 1, for *childrien* r. *children*. P. 167. in the Note, for *is* r. *are*. P. 169. l. 2, for *delighted* r. *delighteth*. P. 177. l. 7, r. *terrifyingly*. P. 178. l. 3, for *was* r. *were*. P. 180. l. 3, for *its* r. *their*; laſt line, for *is* r. *are*. P. 184. l. 4, for *with* r. *of*. P. 194. l. 16, for *ſort* r. *ſorts*. P. 197. l. 4, dele *that*; l. 12, for *were* r. *was*; l. 17, after *it* add *and*. P. 218, l. 4, for *is* r. *are*. P. 219, l. 7, dele *of*. P. 220. l. 19, for *burns* r. *burn*. P. 223. l. 6, for *ſetting* r. *ſitting*. P. 226. l. 18, after *under* add *it*. P. 229. l. 6, for *there* r. *thither*. P. 231. l. 13, for *it* r. *ſhe*. P. 234. l. 3 from bottom, for *lie* r. *lies*. P. 241. l. 1, for *phyſician* r. *phyſicians*; l. 19. read *when perſons of faſhion are*. P. 251. l. 6, dele *of*. P. 256. l. laſt, for *nowa* r. *novo*. P. 258. l. 8, dele *that*. P. 263. l. 16, before *that* add *ſo*. P. 264. l. 8, dele ; . P. 266. l. 15, before *ſeemed* add *he*. P. 273. l. 9, for *attend* r. *attends*. P. 292. l. 12, r. *botanic*.

VOL. II. P. 11, for *maſſive* r. *miſſive*. P. 15. l. 17, after *confirm* add *it*. P. 19. l. laſt, for *was* r. *were*. P. 18. l. 5, for *it then* r. *them*. P. 20. l. 10, for *is* r. *are*. P. 26. l. 9, after *cruorem*, dele ;. P. 31. l. 10, after *comments* add ;. P. 33, l. 17, r. *Venus and the three Deſtinies*. P. 37. l. 1, read *that* this catacomb. P. 30. l. 9, read or *any* verdure is viſible, *the* &c. P. 34. l. 1, for *internum* r. *intermem*. P. 39. for *diſtinct* r. *diſtant*; l. 18. r. *Neither* the town nor the inhabitants had *any thing*, &c. P. 49. l. 8, for *Lares* r. *Lar*; l. 19, for *go* r. *goes*. P. 59. l. laſt, for *follows* r. *follow*. P. 61. l. 18, for *are* r. *is*. P. 70. l. 1, for you and *I* r. you and *me*. P. 76. for *are*, r. *is*. P. 79. l. 12, r. *maximam et nullam*. P. 85. l. 15, &c. r. *Taurobolio*. P. 86. l. 13, r. *who lived in*. P. 88. l. 15, r. *beginning*. P. 89. l. 7, r. *eaſterly*. P. 108. r. *St. George, ſix leagues from Lyons*. P. 109. l. 3 from bottom, r. *pauvre*. P. 110. l. 4, r. *Bourgeois*. P. 123, l. 10, for *no* r. *nor*. P. 129. l. 4, r. *falſehood*. P. 136. l. 7, for *with* r. *of*. P. 139. l. 2 from bottom, dele *the*. P. 151. l. 11, r. *pigeon*. P. 152, l. 1, r. *greater*. P. 157. l. 6 and ſeq. for *Valere*, r. *Valliere*. P. 159. l. 11, r. *hac capit*. P. 162. l. 1, for *no dot* r. *do not*. P. 175. l. 6, read *making glad the hearts, &c*. P. 177. l. 10, r. *there*. P. 218. l. 9, after *womens* add *than of men*. P. 237. l. laſt, for *aver* r. *was*.

THE Author cannot let this ſecond volume paſs to his Subſcribers, without again apologizing for the many flagrant miſtakes and ſlovenly manner in which the ſheets have been printed off, and has nothing to offer in his behalf but his being in another Kingdom, and placing too much confidence in others.

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A

JOURNEY, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

NISMES.

SIR,

I AM very certain that a man may travel, twice through Spain, and half through France, before he ſees a woman of ſo much beauty, elegance, and breeding, as the miſtreſs of the houſe I lodge in near this city. I was directed to the houſe, and recommended to the lady, as a lodger; but both were ſo fine, and ſuperior in all reſpects to any thing I had ſeen out of Paris, that I began to ſuſpect I had been impoſed upon. The lady who received me appeared to be

(it was candle-light) about eighteen; a tall, elegant figure, a beautiful face, and an addreſs inferior to none: I concluded ſhe was the daughter, till ſhe informed me, that *Monſ. Saigny*, her huſband, was gone to *Avignon*. What added, perhaps, to this lady's beauty in my eyes, or rather ears, was her misfortune,—ſhe could not ſpeak louder than a gentle whiſper. After ſeeing her ſumptuous apartments, I told her I would not aſk what her price was, but tell her what I could afford only to give; and obſerved, that as it was winter, and the ſnow upon the ground, perhaps ſhe had better take my price than have none. She inſtantly took me by the hand, and ſaid, ſhe had ſo much reſpect for the Engliſh nation, that my price was her's; and with a ſtill ſofter whiſper, and cloſe to my ear, ſaid, I might come in as ſoon as I pleaſed—"*Quand vous voudrez, Monſieur*," ſaid ſhe. We accordingly took poſſeſſion of the fineſt apartments, and the beſt beds I ever lay on. The next day, I ſaw a gen-

teel

teel ſtripling about the houſe, in a white ſuit of cloaths, dreſſed *en militaire*, and began to ſuſpect the virtue of my fair hoſteſs, not perceiving for ſome hours that it was my hoſteſs herſelf; in the afternoon ſhe made us a viſit in this horrid dreſs,—(for horrid ſhe appeared in my eyes)—her cloaths were white, with red cuffs and ſcarlet *lappels*; and ſhe held in her ſtraddling lap a large black muff, as big as a porridge-pot. By this viſit ſhe loſt all that reſpect her ſuperlative beauty had ſo juſtly entitled her to, and I determined ſhe ſhould viſit me no more in man's apparel. When I went into the town I mentioned this circumſtance, and there I learnt, that the real wife of *Monſ. Saigny* had parted from him, and that the lady, my hoſteſs, was his miſtreſs. The next day, however, the maſter arrived; and after being full and finely dreſſed, he made me a viſit, and proffers of every attention in his power: he told me he had injured his fortune, and that he was not rich; but that he

had ſerved in the army, and was a gentleman: he had been bred a proteſtant, but had juſt embraced the true faith, in order to qualify himſelf for an employment about the court of the Pope's *Legat* at *Avignon*. After many expreſſions of regard, he aſked me to dine with him the next day; but I obſerved that as he was not rich, and as I paid but a ſmall rent in proportion to his noble apartments, I begged to be excuſed; but he preſſed it ſo much, that I was obliged to give him ſome *other reaſons*, which did not prove very pleaſing ones, to the lady below. This fine lady, however, continued to ſell us wood, wine, vinegar, ſallad, milk, and, in ſhort, every thing we wanted, at a very unreaſonable price. At length, my ſervant, who by agreement made my ſoup in their kitchen, ſaid ſomething rude to my landlord, who complained to me, and ſeemed ſatisfied with the reprimand I had given the man; but upon a repetition of his rudeneſs, *Monſ. Saigny* ſo far forgot himſelf

himſelf as to ſpeak equally rude to me: this occaſioned ſome warm words, and ſo much ungovernable paſſion in him, that I was obliged to tell him I muſt fetch down my piſtols; this he conſtrued into a direct challenge, and therefore retired to his apartments, wrote a card, and ſent it to me while I was walking before the door with a prieſt, his friend and viſitor, and in ſight of the *little female captain his ſecond*, and all the ſervants of the houſe; on this card was wrote, "*Sir, I accept your propoſition;*" and before I could even read it, he followed his man, who brought it in the true ſtile of a butler, rather than a butcher, with a white napkin under his arm. You may be ſure, I was no more diſpoſed to fight than *Monſ. Saigny*; indeed, I told him I would not; but if any man attacked me on my way to or from the town, where I went every day, I would certainly defend myſelf: and fortunately I never met *Monſ. Saigny* in the fortnight I ſtaid after in his houſe; for I could not bear to leave a town

town where I had two or three very agreeable acquaintance, and one *(Monſ. Seguier)* whoſe houſe was filled as full of natural and artificial curioſities, as his head is with learning and knowledge. Here too I had an opportunity of often viſiting the Amphitheatre, the *Maiſon Carrée*, (ſo Monſ. Seguier writes it) and the many remains of Roman monuments ſo common in and about *Niſmes*. I meaſured ſome of the ſtones under which I paſſed to make the *tout au tour* of the Amphitheatre; they were ſeventeen feet in length, and two in thickneſs; and moſt of the ſtones on which the ſpectators ſat within the area, were twelve feet long, two feet ten inches wide, and one foot five inches deep; except only thoſe of the ſixth row of ſeats from the top, and they alone are one foot ten inches deep; probably it was on that range the people of the higheſt rank took their ſeats, not only for the elevation, but the beſt ſituation for ſight and ſecurity; yet one of theſe great ſtones cannot be conſidered more, in compariſon to the

the whole building, than a ſingle brick would be in the conſtruction of Hampton-Court Palace. When I had the ſole poſſeſſion (and I had it often) of this vaſt range of ſeats, where emperors, empreſſes, Roman knights, and matrons, have been ſo often ſeated, to ſee men die wantonly by the hands of other men, as well as beaſts, for their amuſement, I could not but with pleaſure reflect, how much human nature is ſoftened ſince that time; for notwithſtanding the powerful prevalency of cuſtom and faſhion, I do not think the ladies of the preſent age would *plume* their towering heads, and curl their *borrowed* hair, with that glee, to ſee men murdered by maſſive weapons, as to die at their feet by deeper, though leſs viſible wounds. If, however, we have not thoſe cruel ſports, we ſeem to be up with them in prodigality, and to exceed them in luxury and licentiouſneſs; for in Rome, not long before the final diſſolution of the ſtate, the candidates for public employments, in ſpite of

of the penal laws to reſtrain it, *bribed openly*, and were choſen ſometimes *by arms* as well as money. In the ſenate, things were conducted no better; decrees of great conſequence were made when very few ſenators were preſent; the laws were violated by private knaves, under the colour of public neceſſity; till, at length, *Cæſar* ſeized the ſovereign power, and tho' he was ſlain, they omitted to recover their liberty, forgetting that

> " A day, an hour, of virtuous Liberty
> " Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.
>
> *Addiſon's* CATO.

I can almoſt think I read in the parallel, which I fear will ſoon be drawn between the riſe and fall of the Britiſh and Roman empire, ſomething like this:——" Rome " had her CICERO; Britain her CAM- " DEN: Cicero, who had preſerved Rome " from the conſpiracy of *Cataline*, was " baniſhed: CAMDEN, who would have " preſerved Britain from a bloody civil " war,

" war, was removed." The hiſtorian will add, probably, that " thoſe who brought " deſolation upon their land, did not mean " that there ſhould be no commonwealth, " but that, right or wrong, they ſhould " continue to controul it: they did not " mean to burn the capitol to aſhes, but " to bear abſolute ſway in the capitol:— " The reſult was, however, that though " they did not mean to overthrow the " ſtate, yet they riſqued all, rather than " be overthrown themſelves; and they " rather promoted the maſſacre of their " fellow-citizens, than a reconciliation " and union of parties."——THUS FELL ROME—Take heed BRITAIN!

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

ARLES.

I Left *Niſmes* reluctantly, having formed there an agreeable and friendly intimacy with Mr. *D'Oliere*, a young gentleman of Switzerland; and an edifying, and entertaining acquaintance, with Monſ. *Seguier*. I left too, the beſt and moſt ſumptuous lodgings I had ſeen in my whole tour; but a deſire to ſee *Arles*, *Aix*, and *Marſeilles*, &c. got the better of all. But I ſet out too ſoon after the ſnow and rains, and I found part of the road ſo bad, that I wonder how my horſe dragged us through ſo much clay and dirt. When I gave you ſome account of the antiquities of *Niſmes*, I did not expect to find *Arles* a town fraught with ten times more matter and amuſement for an antiquarian; but I found it not only a fine town now, but that it abounds with an infinite number of monuments, which evince

evince its having once been an almoſt ſecond Rome. There ſtill remains enough of the Amphitheatre to convince the beholder what a noble edifice it was, and to wonder why ſo little, of ſo large and ſolid a building, remains. The town is built on the banks of the Rhone, over which, on a bridge of barges, we entered it; but it is evident, that in former days, the ſea came quite up to it, and that it was a haven for ſhips of burden; but the ſea has retired ſome leagues from it, many ages ſince; beſide an hundred ſtrong marks at *this* day of its having been a ſea-port formerly, the following inſcription found a century or two ago, in the church of *St. Gabriel*, will clearly confirm:

M. FRONTONI EVPOR.
IIIIIVIR AVG. COL. JVLIA.
AVG. AQVIS SEXTIIS NAVICVLAR.
MAR. AREL. CVRAT EJVSD. CORP.
PATRONO NAVTAR DRVENTICORVM,
ET VTRICVLARIORVM.
CORP. ERNAGINENSIVM.
JVLIA NICE VXOR.
CONJVGI KARISSIMO.

Indeed

Indeed there are many ſubſtantial reaſons to believe, that it was at this town *Julius Cæſar* built the twelve gallies, which, from the cutting of the wood to the time they were employed on ſervice, was but thirty days.——That it was a very conſiderable city in the time of the firſt Emperors, is paſt all doubt. *Conſtantine* the Great held his court, and reſided at *Arles*, with all his family; and the Empreſs *Fauſtina* was delivered of a ſon here, (*Conſtantine* the younger) and it was long before ſo celebrated for an annual fair held in the month of Auguſt, that it was called *le Noble Marché de Gaules*. And *Strabo*, in his dedication of his book to the Emperor, called it "*Galliarum Emporium non Parvum*;" which is a proof that it was celebrated for its rich commerce, &c. five hundred years before it became under the dominion of the Romans. But were I capable of giving you a particular deſcription of all the monuments of antiquity in and near this town, it would compoſe a little book, inſtead of

a ſheet

a ſheet or two of paper. I ſhall therefore only pick out a few things which have afforded me the moſt entertainment, and I hope may give you a little; but I ſhall begin with mentioning what muſt firſt give you concern, in ſaying that in that part of the town called *la Roquette*, I was ſhewn the place where formerly ſtood an elevated Altar, whereon three young citizens were ſacrificed annually, and who were fattened at the public expence during a whole year, for the horrid purpoſe! On the firſt of May their throats were cut in the preſence of a prodigious multitude of people aſſembled from all parts; among whom the blood of the victims was thrown, as they imagined all their ſins were expiated by that barbarous ſacrifice; which horrid practice was put a ſtop to by the firſt Biſhop of *Arles*, ST. TROPHIME. The Jews, who had formerly a ſynagogue in *Arles*, were driven out in the year 1493, when that and their celebrated School were demoliſhed. There was found about an hundred

dred years after, among the ſtones of thoſe buildings, ſome Hebrew characters neatly cut, which were copied and ſent to the Rabbins of Avignon, to be tranſlated, and who explained it then thus:

Chodeſh: Elvl. Chameſcheth, lamech, vav. Niſlamv. Bedikoth. Schadai.

i. e. they ſay,

"In the month of Auguſt five thouſand and thirty-ſix, the "Viſitation of God ceaſed."

Perhaps the plague had viſited them.—There was alſo another Hebrew inſcription, which was on the tomb of a famous Rabbin called Solomon, ſurnamed the grandſon of David.

The Amphitheatre of *Arles* was of an oval form, compoſed of three ſtages; each ſtage containing ſixty arches; the whole was built of hewn ſtone of an immenſe ſize, without mortar, and of a prodigious thickneſs: the circumference above, excluſive of the projection of the architecture, was 194 toiſes three feet, the frontiſpiece 17 toiſes

toiſes high, and the area 71 toiſes long and 52 wide; the walls were 17 toiſes thick, which were pierced round and round with a gallery, for the convenience of paſſing in and out of the ſeats, which would conveniently contain 30,000 men, allowing each perſon three feet in depth and two in width; and yet, there remains at this day only a few arches quite complete from top to bottom, which are of themſelves a noble monument. Indeed one would be inclined to think that it never had been compleated, did we not know that the Romans left nothing unfiniſhed of that kind; and read, that the Emperor *Gallus* gave ſome ſuperb ſpectacles in the Amphitheatre of *Arles*, and that the ſame amuſements were continued by following Emperors. Nothing can be a ſtronger proof than theſe ruins, of the certain deſtruction and corruption of all earthly things; for one would think that the ſmall parts which now remain of this once mighty building, would endure as long as the earth itſelf; but what is very

very ſingular is, that this very Amphitheatre was built upon the ruins of a more mighty building, and perhaps one of a more ſubſtantial ſtructure. *Tempus edax rerum tuque invidioſa vetuſtas omnia deſtruis.* In the ſtreet called *St. Claude,* ſtood a triumphal arch which was called *L'Arche admirable*; it is therefore natural to conclude, that the town contained many others of leſs beauty. There is alſo within the walls a large remains of the palace of *Conſtantine.* A beautiful antique ſtatue of *Venus* was found here alſo, about an hundred and twenty years ago.—That a *veritable* fine woman ſhould ſet all the beaux and *connoiſſeurs* of a whole town in a flame, I do not much wonder; but you will be ſurprized when I tell you that this cold trunk of marble, (for the arms were never found) put the whole town of *Arles* together by the ears; one *Sçavant* ſaid it was the goddeſs *Diana,* and wrote a book to prove it; another inſiſted upon it, that it was the true image of *Venus*; then ſtarts up an Eccleſiaſtic, who

you

you know has nothing to do with women, and he pronounced in dogmatical terms, it was neither one nor the other; at length the wiſer magiſtrates of the town agreed to ſend it as a preſent to their auguſt monarch Lewis the XIVth; and if you have a mind to ſee an inanimate woman who has made ſuch a noiſe in the world, you will find her at *Verſailles*, without any other notice taken of her or the quarrels about her, than the following words written (I think) upon her pedeſtal, *La Venus d'Arles*. This ended the diſpute, as I muſt my letter.

LETTER XXXVI.

I Have not half done with *Arles*. The more I ſaw and heard in this town, the more I found was to be ſeen. The remains of the Roman theatre here would of itſelf be a ſufficient proof that it was a town of great riches and importance. Among the refuſe of this building they found ſeveral large vaſes of baked earth, which were open on one ſide, and which were fixed properly near the ſeats of the audience to receive and convey the ſounds of the inſtruments and voices of the actors diſtinctly throughout the theatre, which had forty-eight arches, eleven behind the ſcenes of ten feet wide, three grand arches of fourteen feet wide, and thirty-one of twelve feet; the diameter was thirty-one canes, and the circumference ſeventy-nine; and from the infinite number of beautiful pieces of ſculp-

ture,

ture, frizes, architraves, pillars of granite, &c. which have been dug up, it is very evident that this theatre was a moſt magnificent building, and perhaps would have ſtood firm to this day, had not a Biſhop of *Arles*, from a principle of more piety than wiſdom, ſtript it of the fineſt ornaments and marble pillars, to adorn the churches. Near the theatre ſtood alſo the famous temple of *Diana*; and, as the famous ſtatue mentioned in my former letter was found beneath ſome noble marble pillars near that ſpot, it is moſt likely *La Venus d'Arles* is nevertheleſs the Goddeſs *Diana*.

I never wiſh more for your company than when I walk, (and I walk every day) in the Elyſian fields. The ſpot is beautiful, the proſpect far and near equally ſo: in the middle of this ancient *Cimètiere* ſtands a motly building, from the middle of which however riſes a cupola, which at the firſt view informs you it is the work of a Roman artiſt; and here you muſt, as it

were, thread the needle between an infinite number of Pagan and Chriſtian monuments, lying thick upon the ſurface in the utmoſt diſorder and confuſion, inſomuch, that one would think the Day of Judgment was arrived and the dead were riſen. Neither *Stepney* church-yard, nor any one in or near a great city, ſhew ſo many head-ſtones as this ſpot does ſtone coffins of an immenſe ſize, hewn out of one piece; the covers of moſt of which have been broken or removed ſufficiently to ſearch for ſuch things as were uſually buried with the dead. Some of theſe monuments, and ſome of the handſomeſt too, are ſtill however unviolated. It is very eaſy to diſtinguiſh the Pagan from the Chriſtian monuments, without opening them, as all the former have the Roman letters D M *(Diis Manibus)* cut upon them. It is ſituated, according to their cuſtom, near the high-way, the water, and the marſhes. You know the ancients preferred ſuch ſpots for the interment of the dead.

The

The tombs of *Ajax* and *Hector*, HOMER ſays, were near the ſea, as well as other heroes of antiquity; for as they conſidered man to be compoſed of earth and water, his bones ought to be laid in one, and near the other.

I will now give you a few of the moſt curious inſcriptions; but firſt I will mention a noble marble monument, moved from this ſpot into the *Cimetière* of the great Hoſpital. This tomb is ornamented with Cornucopiæ, *Pateræ*, &c. and in a ſhield the following inſcription:

CABILIAE D. F. APPRVLLAE FLAM
D DESIGNATAE COL. DEA. AUG. VOC. M
O. ANNOS XIIII. MENS II. DIES V.
MARITVS VXORI PIENTISSIMAE.
POSUIT.

This poor girl was not only too young to die, but too young to marry, one would think; I wiſh therefore her afflicted huſband had told us how many years he had

been married to a wife who died at the age of fourteen, two months, and five days. The cornucopiæ, I ſuppoſe, were to ſignify that this virtuous wife, I was going to ſay maid, was the ſource of all his pleaſure and happineſs. The *Pateræ* were vaſes deſtined to receive the blood of the victims.

> Supponunt alij cultros, tepidumque cruorem ;
> Suſcipiunt Pateris,——*Says the Poet.*

On each ſide of the tomb are the ſymbols of ſacrifice. It is very evident from the fine poliſh of this monument, that her huſband had obtained the Emperor's particular leave to finiſh it highly.

Rogum *aſcîa ne Polita,*—ſays the law of the twelve tables.

On another tomb, which is of common ſtone, in the middle of a ſhield ſupported by two Cupids, is the following inſcription:

M IVNIO MESSIANO
--VTRICI. CORP. ARELAT.
D EIVS D. CORP. MAG. III. F M
QUI VIXIT ANN. XXVIII.
M. V. D. X. IVNIA VALERIA.
ALVMNO CLARISSIMO.

The firſt word of the ſecond line is much obliterated.

There are an infinite number of other monuments with inſcriptions; but thoſe above, and this below, will be ſufficient for me to convey to you, and you to my friend at *Wincheſter*.

L DOMIT. DOMITIANI
EX TRIERARCHI CLASS. GERM.
D PECCOCEIA. VALENTINA M
CONIUX PIENTISSIMA.

Before I leave *Aries*, and I leave it reluctantly, whatever you may do, I muſt not omit to mention the principal monu-

ment

ment, and pride of it, at this day, i. e. their Obeliſque. I will not tell you where nor when it was dug up; it is ſufficient to ſay, it was found here, that it is a ſingle piece of granite, ſixty-one feet high, and ſeven feet ſquare below; yet it was elevated in the Market-place, upon a modern pedeſtal, which bears four fulſome complimentary inſcriptions to *Lewis* the XIV. neither of which will I copy. In elevating this monſtrous ſingle ſtone, the inhabitants were very adroit: they ſet it upright in a quarter of an hour, in the year 1676, juſt an hundred years ago, amidſt an infinite number of joyful ſpectators, who are now all laid in their lowly graves; for though it weighed more than two thouſand hundred weight, yet by the help of capſterns, it was raiſed without any difficulty. The great King *Harry* the IVth had ordered the houſes in the arena of the Amphitheatre to be thrown down, and this obeliſk to be fixed in the center of it; but his death, and *Lewis*'s vanity, fixed it where it now ſtands;

ſtands; it has no beauty however to boaſt of but its age and ſize, for it bears neither poliſh, characters, nor hieroglyphicks, but, as it ſeems to have been an Egyptian monument, the inhabitants of *Arles* have, like thoſe people, conſecrated it below to their King, and above to the ſun: on the top is fixed a globe of azure, ſprinkled with *de fleurs de lis d'or*, and crowned with a radiant ſun, that is to ſay, as the ſun was made by GOD to enlighten the world, ſo LEWIS LE GRAND was made to govern it.

I am ſure now, you will excuſe my mentioning what is ſaid of this great man *below*; but ſpeaking of light, I muſt not omit to mention, that there are men of veracity now living in this town, who affirm, that they have ſeen, upon opening ſome of the ancient monuments here, the eternal lamps burning. The number of teſtimonies we have of this kind puts the matter paſt a doubt, that a flame has appeared at the lip of theſe lamps when firſt the

the tombs have been opened; one was found, you know, on the *Appian* way, in the tomb of *Cicero*'s daughter, which had burnt more than ſeventeen centuries; another at *Padua*, which had burnt eight hundred years, and which was found hanging between two little phials, one of gold, the other of ſilver, which were both quite full of liquor, extremely clear, as well as many others; but as it is impoſſible to believe that flame can exiſt, and not conſume that which feeds it, is it not more natural to conclude that thoſe lamps, phials, &c. contained a ſpecies of phoſphorus, which became luminous upon the firſt opening of the tombs and the ſudden ruſhing in of freſh air; and that the reverſe of what is generally ſuppoſed is the fact, that they are not extinguiſhed, but illuminated by the freſh air they receive? I have ſeen ſeveral of theſe lamps here and elſewhere, moſt of which are of baked earth. It has been ſaid, that there is an oil to be extracted from gold, which will not conſume,

ſume, and that a wick of *aſbeſtos* has burnt many years in this oil, without conſumption to either. I have ſeen a book written by a German Jeſuit, to confirm this fact; ſo there is authority for you, if not conviction.

As I know your keen appetite after antiquities, I will ſend you a few other inſcriptions, and leave you to make your own comments and *voilà*.

D M
L. HOSTIL. TER.
SILVANI.
ANN. XXIIII. M. II. D.
XV MATER FIL PIJSSIMI
MISERA ET IN LVCIV.
AETERNALI BENIFICI
O NOVERCAE.

The following inſcription is cut upon a marble column, which ſtands near the Jeſuits' church:

SAL-

SALVIS D. D. N. N. THEODOSIO. ET VALENTINIANO.
P. F. V. AC TRIUM. SEMPER AUG. XV.
CONS. VIR. INL. AUXILIARIS PRÆ.
PRÆT. GALLIA. DE ARELATE MA.
MILLIARIA PONI. S.
M. P. S.

In the ancient church of *St. Honorè*, which ſtands in the center of all theſe Heathen and Chriſtian monuments, are to be ſeen nine Bacchanalians of very ancient workmanſhip; where alſo is the tomb of *St. Honorè*, employed as the altar of the church; and beneath the church are catacombs, where the firſt Chriſtians retired to prayer during the perſecution by the Emperors, and where is ſtill to be ſeen their altar and ſeven ancient ſepulchres, of beautiful marble, and exquiſitely worked; the firſt is the tomb of *St. Genet*; the ſecond of *St. Roland*, Archbiſhop of *Arles*; the third of *St. Concord*, with an epitaph, and two doves with olive branches in their beaks, cut in baſs relief, and underneath

are

are the two letters X and P; on this tomb is the miraculous croſs ſeen in the heavens by *Conſtantine*, who is repreſented before it on his knees; and on the cover of this tomb are the heads of *Conſtantine*, *Fauſtina*, and his ſon; and they ſay the Emperor ſaw this miracle in the heaven from the very *Cimetière* in which this monument ſtands, i. e. in the year 315; the fifth is the tomb of *St. Dorothy*, Virgin and Martyr of *Arles*; the ſixth *St. Virgil*, and the ſeventh *St. Hiliare*, (both Archbiſhops of *Arles*,) who has borrowed a Pagan ſepulchre, for it is adorned with the principal divinities of the ancients in baſs relief.—It ſeems odd to ſee on a Chriſtian Biſhop's tomb *Neptune*, *Diana*, *Jupiter*, and *Venus*, the three deſtinies. The people here ſay, that this tomb repreſents human life, as the ancients believed that each God contributed ſomething towards the being. Be that as it may, the tomb is a very curious one, and much admired by the *Connoiſſeurs*, for its excellent workmanſhip; but what

is

is more extraordinary than all theſe, is this catacomb, ſtanding in the middle of the others, with its cover well and cloſely fixed, yet it has always water in it, and often is quite full, and nobody can tell *(but one of the Prieſts perhaps)* from what ſource it comes. There is alſo in this church the tomb and a long Latin epitaph of *St. Trophime*, their firſt Biſhop; but the characters are very Gothic, and the *C*'s are ſquare, C C; he came here in the year 61, and preached down that abominable practice of ſacrificing three young men annually. He died in the year 61, at 72 years of age. On the front of the Metropolitan church of *Arles*, called *St. Trophime*, are the two following lines, in Gothic characters, cut above a thouſand years:

Cernitur eximius vir Chriſti Diſcipulorum,
De Numero Trophimus, hic Septuaginta duorum.

The church was built in the year 625, by *St. Virgil*, and is a curious piece of antiquity within, and particularly without; but

but I will not omit to give you one of its ſingularities within; it is an ancient and curious inſcription in large Gothic letters, near the organ:

Terrarum Roma — Gemina de luce magiſtrA.
Ros Miſſus Semper — Aderit: velut incola IoſeP
Olim Contrito — Letheo Contulit OrchO.

To read this you will ſee you muſt take the firſt letter of each verſe: T R O, *Trophemus*; G A L, *Galliæorum*; and A P O, *Apoſtolus*. The letter H, belonging to the word *Joſeph*, muſt be carried to the word *Orcho*, and the P muſt ſtand by itſelf.

Trophimus Galliarum Apoſtolus, ut ros miſſus eſt, ex urbe Romæ rerum Dominæ Gemina de luce, ſcilicet a Petro et Paulo, Eccleſiæ luminaribus; Contrito orcho Letheo, nempe ſtatim poſt Chriſti Paſſionem qua Dæmonis & orchi caput contrivit, ſemper animos noſtras nutriet, cibo illo, divinæ fidei quem nobis contulit: ut alter Joſeph qui olim Ægypti populum fame pereuntem liberavit.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

MARSEILLES.

SOON after we left the town of *Arles*, on our way to *Aix*, and this city, we entered upon a moſt extraordinary and extenſive plain; it is called the *Crau*, and is a principal and ſingular domain, belonging to and ſituated on the ſouth ſide of that city; it is ten leagues in diameter; on which vaſt extent, ſcarce a tree, ſhrub, or verdure is viſible. The whole ſpot being covered with flint ſtones of various ſizes, and of ſingular ſhapes. *Petrarch* ſays, as *Strabo*, and others have ſaid before him, that thoſe flint ſtones fell from Heaven like hail, when *Hercules* was fighting there againſt the giants, who, finding he was likely to be overcome, invoked his father *Jupiter*, who rained this hard ſhower of flint ſtones upon his enemies, which is confirmed by *Æſchylus*.

" Jupiter

" Jupiter Alcidem quando reſpexit internum,
" Illachrymans, Ligures ſaxoſo perpluit imbre.

But as this account may not be quite ſatisfactory to you, who I know love truth more than fable, I am inclined to think you will conſider *Poſſidonius*'s manner of accounting for it more feaſible: He ſays, that it was once a great lake, and having a bed of gravel at the bottom, thoſe pebble ſtones, by a ſucceſſion of ages, have grown to the ſize they now appear; but whether ſtones grow which lie upon the ſurface of the earth and out of their proper ſtrata, I muſt leave you and other naturaliſts to determine, without repeating to you what *Ariſtotle*, and others, have ſaid upon that ſubject; and therefore, inſtead of telling you either what they ſay, or I think, I will tell you what I know, which is, that barren as the *Crau* appears to be, it not only feeds, but fattens an infinite number of ſheep and cattle, and produces ſuch excellent wine

too in ſome parts of it, that it is called *Vin de Crau*, by way of pre-eminence: it has a poignant quality, is very bright, and is much eſteemed for its delicious flavour. The herb which fattens the ſheep and feeds ſuch quantities of cattle, is a little plant which grows between and under the flint ſtones, which the ſheep and other animals turn up with their feet, to come at the bite; beſide which, there grows a plant on this *Crau* that bears a vermilion flower, from which the fineſt ſcarlet dye is extracted; it is a little red grain, about the ſize of a pea, and is gathered in the month of May; it has been ſold for a crown a pound formerly; and a ſingle crop has produced eleven thouſand weight. This berry is the harveſt of the poor, who are permitted to gather it on a certain day, but not till the Lord of the Manor gives notice by the ſound of a horn, according to an ancient cuſtom and privilege granted originally by King RENE'.——On my way over it, I *gathered* only a great number

ber of large larks by the help of my gun, though I did not forget my *Montſerrat* vow: it was a fine day, and therefore I did not find it ſo tedious as it muſt be in winter or bad weather; for if any thing can be worſe than ſea, in bad weather, it muſt be this vaſt plain, which is neither land or ſea, though not very diſtinct from the latter, and in all probability was many ages ſince covered by the ocean.

The firſt town we came to after paſſing this vaſt plain, I have forgot the name of; but it had nothing but its antiquity and a noble and immenſe old caſtle to recommend it, except a tranſparent agate ſtatue of the Virgin in the church, as large as the life, with a *tin crown* upon her head. The town nor the inhabitants had nothing of the appearance of French about it; every thing and every body looked ſo wild, and the place was in ſuch a ruinous condition, that I could ſcarce believe I was not among the Arabs in *Egypt*, or the ruins of *Perſepolis*.

—Without the town, in a fine beautiful lawn ſtands a moſt irregular high and rude rock, perpendicular on all ſides, and under one ſide of it are ruins of a houſe, which I ſuppoſe was inhabited by the firſt *Seigneur* in the province. I looked in, and found the ruins full of miſerable inhabitants, I fancy many families; but it exhibited ſuch a ſcene of woe, that I was glad to get out again; and upon inquiry, I found it had been in that ſtate ever ſince it had been uſed as an hoſpital during the laſt plague.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

MARSEILLES.

AS the good and evil, which fall within the line of a road, as well as a worldly traveller, are by compariſon, I need not ſay what a heavenly country *France* (with all its untoward circumſtances) appeared to us *after* having journeyed in *Spain*: what would have put me out of temper before, became now a conſolation. *How glad ſhould I have been, and how perfectly content, had it been thus in Spain*, was always uppermoſt, when things run a little croſs in France.

Travellers and ſtrangers in France, in a long journey perhaps, have no connection with any people, but ſuch who have a deſign upon their purſe. At every *Auberge* ſome officious coxcomb lies in wait to

enſnare them, and under one pretence or other, introduces himſelf; he will offer to ſhew you the town; if you accept it, you are ſaddled with an impertinent viſiter the whole time you ſtay; if you refuſe it, he is affronted; ſo let him; for no gentleman ever does that without an eaſy or natural introduction; and then, if they are men of a certain age, their acquaintance is agreeable and uſeful. An under-bred Frenchman is the moſt offenſive civil thing in the world: a well-bred Frenchman, quite the reverſe.——Having dined at the table of a perſon of faſhion at *Aix*, a pert Prieſt, one of the company, aſked me many queſtions relative to the cuſtoms and manners of the Engliſh nation; and among other things, I explained to him the elegance in which the tables of people of the firſt faſhion were ſerved; and told him, that when any one changed his diſh, that his plate, knife and fork, were changed alſo, and that they were as perfectly bright and clean

clean as the day they came from the ſilver-ſmith's ſhop. After a little pauſe, and a ſignificant ſneer,—Pray Sir, (ſaid he) and do you not change your napkins alſo? I was piqued a little, and told him we did not, but that indeed I had made a little miſtake, which I would rectify, which was, that though I had told him the plate, knife, and fork, were ſo frequently changed at genteel tables in England, there was one exception to it; for it ſometimes happened that low under-bred Prieſts (eſpecially on a Sunday) were neceſſarily admitted to the tables of people of faſhion, and that the butler ſometimes left them to wipe their knife upon their bread, as I had often ſeen *Lewis* the Fifteenth do, even after after eating fiſh with it.—As it was on a Sunday I had met with this fop of divinity, at a genteel table, I thought I had been even with him, and I believe he thought ſo too, for he aſked me no more queſtions; yet he aſſured me at his going out, "*he had* "*the honour to be my moſt obedient humble* "*ſervant.*"

" *ſervant*." This over-ſtrained civility, ſo unlike good-breeding, puts me in mind of what was ſaid of poor Sir Wm. St. Q—n, after his death, by an arch wag at *Bath*: Sir William, you know, was a polite old gentleman, but had the manners and breeding rather of the late, than the preſent age, and though a man deſervedly eſteemed for his many virtues, was by ſome thought too ceremonious. Somebody at the round table at *Morgan*'s Coffee-houſe happened to ſay, alas! poor Sir William! he is gone; but he was a good man, and is ſurely gone to Heaven. Yes, replied the wag, he is gone to Heaven, and I can tell you what he ſaid when he firſt entered the holy gates! the interrogation followed of courſe: Why, ſaid he, ſeeing a large concourſe of departed ſouls, and not a ſoul that he knew, he bowed to the right and left, ſaid he begged pardon,—he feared he was troubleſome, and if ſo, he would inſtantly retire.——So the Frenchman, when he ſays he would cut himſelf in four pieces to

ſerve

ſerve you, only means to be very civil, and he will be ſo, if it does not put him to any expence.

Aix is a well built city; the principal ſtreet called the *Courſe*, is very long, very broad, and ſhaded by ſtately trees; in the middle of it are four or five fine fountains, conſtantly running, one of which is of very hot water, at which man and beaſt are conſtantly drinking. The city abounds with a great deal of good company, drawn to it from all parts of Europe by the efficacy of the waters, and to examine its antiquities, for it has in and about it many Greek as well as Roman monuments.

Some part of the country between *Aix* and this populous city is very beautiful, but near the town ſcarce any vegetation is ſeen; on all ſides high hills and broken rocks preſent themſelves; and one wonders how a city ſo large and ſo aſtoniſhingly populous is ſupported. When I firſt approached

proached the entrance gate, it opened a perſpective view of the *Courſe*, a ſtreet of great extent, where the heads of the people were ſo thick together, that I concluded it was a FAIR day, and that the whole country were collected together; but I found it was every day the ſame. I ſaw a prodigious quantity of game and proviſions of all kinds, not only in the ſhops, but in the ſtreets, and concluded it was not only a cheap, but a plentiful country; but I ſoon found my miſtake, it was the evening before Lent commenced, and I could find no proviſions of any kind very eaſily afterwards, and every thing very dear. You may imagine the price of proviſions at *Marſeilles*, when I tell you that they have their poultry from *Lyons*; it is however a noble city, crouded with men of all nations, walking in the ſtreets in the proper habits of their country. The harbour is the moſt ſecure ſea-port in Europe, being land-locked on all ſides, except at a very narrow

narrow entrance; and as there is very little riſe or fall of water, the veſſels are always afloat. Many of the galley ſlaves have little ſhops near the ſpot where the galleys are moored, and appear happy and decently dreſſed; ſome of them are rich, and make annual remittances to their friends. In the *Hôtel de Ville* are two fine large pictures, which were taken lately from the Jeſuits' college; one repreſents the dreadful ſcenes which were ſeen in the *Grand'Courſe* during the great plague at *Marſeilles*; the other, the ſame ſad ſcene on the Quay, before the doors of the houſe in which it now hangs. A perſon cannot look upon theſe pictures one minute before he becomes enthralled in the woes which every way preſent themſelves. You ſee the good Biſhop confeſſing the ſick, the carts carrying out the dead, children ſucking at the breaſts of their dead mothers, wives and huſbands bewailing, dead bodies lowering out of the higher windows by cords, the ſlaves plundering,

dering, the Prieſts exhorting, and ſuch a variety of intereſting and afflicting ſcenes ſo forcibly ſtruck out by the painter, that you ſeem to hear the groans, weepings, and bewailings, from the dying, the ſick and the ſound; and the eye and mind have no other repoſe on theſe pictures but by fixing it on a dead body. The painter, who was upon the ſpot, has introduced his own figure, but armed like a ſerjeant with a halberd. The pictures are indeed dreadfully fine; one is much larger than the other; and it is ſaid the town Magiſtrates cut it to fit the place it is in; but it is impoſſible to believe any body of men could be guilty of ſuch an act of *barbariſm!* There is ſtill ſtanding in this town, the houſe of a Roman ſenator, now inhabited by a ſhoe-maker. In the cathedral they have a marble ſtone, on which there is engraved, in Arabic characters, a monumental inſcription to the following effect:

" God

" God is alone, permanent.
" This is the Sepulchre of his ſervant and Martyr, who
" having placed his confidence in the Moſt High, he
" truſts that his ſins will be forgiven."

Joseph, ſon of Abdallah, of the town of *Metelin*, died in the moon *Zilhuge*.

I bought here an Egyptian houſehold God, or *Lares* of ſolid metal, which was lately dug up near the city walls; it is about nine inches high, and weighs about five pounds. Several of the hieroglyphic characters are viſible on the breaſt and back, and its form is that of an embalmed mummy. By a wholeſome law of this city, the richeſt citizen muſt be buried like the pooreſt, in a coffin of nine livres value, and that coffin muſt be bought at the general Hoſpital. The ſale of theſe coffins for the dead, go a great way towards the ſupport of the poor and the ſick.

At this town I experienced the very reverſe in every reſpect of what I met with at

at *Barcelona*, though I had no better recommendation to Mr. BIRBECK, his Britannick Majeſty's Agent here, than I had to the Conſul of *Barcelona*; he took my word, at firſt ſight, nay, he took my notes and gave me money for them, and ſhewed me and my family many marks of friendly attention: Such a man, at ſuch a diſtance from one's own country, is a cordial to a troubled breaſt, and an acquiſition to every Engliſhman who goes there, either for health or curioſity. Mr. *Birbeck* took me with him to a noble Concert, to which he is an annual ſubſcriber, and which was performed in a room in every reſpect ſuitable to ſo large a band, and ſo brilliant an aſſembly: He and his good wife were the only two Britiſh faces I had ſeen for many months, who looked like Britons. I ſhall, indeed I muſt, ſoon leave this town, and ſhall take *Avignon* on my way to *Lyons*, from whence you ſhall ſoon hear from me again.

P. S.

I had forgot to mention, when I was ſpeaking of *Montpellier*, that the firſt gentry are ſtrongly impreſſed with the notion of the ſuperiority of the Engliſh, in every part of philoſophy, more eſpecially in the ſcience of phyſic; and I found at *Montpellier*, that theſe ſentiments, ſo favourable to our countrymen, had been much increaſed by the extraordinary knowledge and abilities of Dr. MILMAN, an Engliſh phyſician, who reſided there during the winter 1775. This gentleman, who is one of Doctor RADCLIFFE's travelling phyſicians, had performed ſeveral very aſtoniſhing cures, in caſes which the French Phyſicians had long treated without ſucceſs: And indeed the French phyſicians, however checked by intereſt or envy, were obliged to acknowledge this gentleman's uncommon ſagacity in the treatment of diſeaſes. What I ſay of this ingenious traveller, is for your ſake more than his; for I know nothing more of him

than the fame he has left behind him at *Montpellier*, and which I doubt not will ſoon be verified by his deeds among his own countrymen.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

AVIGNON.

THERE is no dependence on what travellers ſay of different towns and places they have viſited, and therefore you muſt not lay too much ſtreſs upon what I ſay. A Lady of faſhion, who had travelled all over France, gave the preference to the town I laſt wrote to you from, (*Marſeilles*); to me, the climate excepted, it is of all others the moſt diſagreeable; yet that Lady did not mean to deceive; but people often prefer the town for the ſake of the company they find, or ſome particular or local circumſtance that attended their reſidence in it; in that reſpect, I too left it reluctantly, having met with much civility and ſome old friends there; but ſurely, excluſive of its fine harbour, and favourable ſituation for trade, it has little elſe to recommend it, but riot,

mob, and confuſion; proviſions are very dear, and not very good.

On our road here we came again through *Aix*. The *Mule blanche* without the town, is better than any auberge within, and Monſ. *L'Abbe Abrard Prætor, de la ordre de St. Malta*, is not only a very agreeable, but a very convenient acquaintance for a ſtranger, and who is always ready to ſhew the Engliſh in particular, attention, and who had much attention ſhewn him by Lord A. PERCY and his Lady.

From *Aix* we paſſed through *Lambreſque*, *Orgon*, and *Sencage*, a fine country, full of almond trees, and which were in full bloſſom on the 7th of March. At *Orgon* the poſt-houſe was ſo bad, that after my horſe was in the ſtable, I was obliged to put him to, and remove to the *Soleil d'Or*, without the town, and made a good move too. The ſituation of *Notre Dame de St. Piere*, a convent on a high hill, is worthy of notice,

tice, and the antiquity of the town alſo. —Five leagues from *Orgon* we croſſed a very aukward paſſage in a ferry-boat, and were landed in the Pope's territories, about five miles from *Avignon*. The caſtle, and higher part of the town, were viſible, riſing up in the middle of a vaſt plain, fertile and beautiful as poſſible. If we were charmed with the diſtant view, we were much more ſo upon a nearer approach; nothing can be more pleaſing than the well-planted, and conſequently well-ſhaded coach and foot roads all round this pretty little city; all ſhut in with the moſt beautiful ancient fortification walls I ever beheld, and all in perfect repair; nor were we aſked any queſtions by the Pope's ſoldiers, or Cuſtom-houſe Officers. I had a letter to Dr. POWER, an Engliſh Phyſician in this town, who received me with great civility, and made me known to LORD MOUNTGARRET, and Mr. BUTLER, his ſon, with whom I had the honour to ſpend ſome very agreeable hours: his Lordſhip has

has an excellent houſe here, and keeps a table, truly characteriſtic of the hoſpitality of his own country.——And now I cannot help telling you of a ſingular diſorder which attacked me the very day I arrived; and the ſtill more ſingular manner I got well: the day before I arrived, we had been almoſt blown along the road to *Orgon* by a moſt violent wind; but I did not perceive that I had received any cold or injury from it, till we arrived here, and then, I had ſuch an external ſoreneſs from head to foot, that I almoſt dreaded to walk or ſtir, and when I did, it was as ſlow as my feet could move; after continuing ſo for ſome days, I was much urged to dine with Lord MOUNTGARRET, on St. Patrick's day; I did ſo, and by drinking a little more than ordinary, ſet nature to work, who, without any other Doctor, did the buſineſs, by two or three nights' copious ſweats. I would not have mentioned this circumſtance, but it may be the *mal du pais*, and ought to be mentioned for the *method of cure*. There

There was not quite ſo good an underſtanding between the Pope's *Legat* and the Engliſh reſiding here, as could be wiſhed; ſome untoward circumſtance had happened, and there ſeemed to be faults on both ſides; it was carried, I think, to ſuch a length, that when the Engliſh met him, they did not pull off their hats; but as it happened before I came, and as in our walks and rides we often met him airing in his coach, we paid that reſpect which is every where due to a firſt magiſtrate, and he took great pains to return it moſt graciouſly: his livery, guards, &c. make a very ſplendid appearance: he holds a court, and is levee'd every Sunday, though not liked by the French. At the church of *St. Didiér*, in a little chapel, of mean workmanſhip, is the tomb of the celebrated *Laura*, whoſe name *Petrarch* has rendered immortal; the general opinion is, that ſhe died a virgin; but it appears by her tomb, that ſhe was the wife of *Hugues de Sade*, and that ſhe had many

many children. About two hundred years after her death, ſome curious people got permiſſion to open her tomb, in which they found a little box, containing ſome verſes, written by *Petrarch*, and a medallion of lead, on one ſide of which was a Lady's head, and on the reverſe, the four following letters, M. L. M. E.

Francis the Firſt, paſſing thro' *Avignon*, viſited this tomb, and left upon it the following epitaph, of his own compoſition :

" En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
" Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommèe
" Plume, labeur le langue & le devoir
" Turent vaincus par l'aimant d l'aimée
" O gentille ame, etant tant eſtimée
" Qui le pourra louer quén ſe laiſant ?
" Car la parole eſt tojours reprimée
" Quand le ſujet ſurmonte le diſant."

This town is crowded with convents and churches. The convent of the *Celeſtines*, founded by *Charles* the VIth, is richly endowed,

endowed, and has noble gardens: there are not above fourteen or fifteen members, and their revenue is near two thouſand pounds ſterling a year. In their church is a very ſuperb monument of Pope *Clement* the VIIth, who died here in the year 1394, as a long Latin inſcription upon it announces. They ſhew in this houſe a picture, painted by King *René*; it repreſents the frightful remains of his beloved miſtreſs, whoſe body he took out of the grave, and painted it in the ſtate he then found it, i. e. with the worms crawling about it: it is a hideous figure, and hideouſly painted; the ſtone coffin ſtands on a line with the figure, but is above a foot too ſhort for the body; and on the other ſide is a long ſcrole of verſes, written in Gothic characters, which begin thus:

" *Une fois fus ſur toutes femmes belle*
" *Mais par la mort ſuis devenue telle*
" *Ma chair eſtoit tres-belle fraiſche & tendre*
" *O'r eſt elle toute tournée en cendre.*"

There follows at leaſt forty other ſuch lines.

There

There is alſo in this convent, a fine monument, on which ſtands the effigies of *St. Benezet*, a ſhepherd of *Avignon*, who built (they ſay) the bridge from the town over the Rhone, in conſequence of a dream, in the year 1127: ſome of the noble arches are ſtill ſtanding, and part of a very pretty chapel on it, nearly in the middle of the river; but a great part of the bridge has been carried away, many years ſince, by the violence of the river, which often not only overflows its banks, but the lower part of the town. In 1755, it roſe ſeventeen feet higher than its uſual flowing, and I ſaw marks in many of the ſtreets, high above my head, againſt the ſides of houſes, which it had riſen to; but with all my induſtry, I could find no *mark upon the houſe where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu dwelt*, though ſhe reſided ſome time here, and though I endeavoured to find it.

I need not deſcribe the celebrated fountain of *Vaucluſe*, near this town, where *Petrarque*

Petrarque compoſed his works, and eſtabliſhed Mount Parnaſſus. This is the only part of France in which there is an Inquiſition, but the Officers ſeem content with their profits and honours, without the power.

One part of the town is allotted to the Jews, where about ſix or ſeven hundred live peaceably and have their ſynagogue; and it was here the famous rabbin *Joſeph Meir* was born; he died in the year 1554; he was author, you know, of *Annals des Rois de France*, and *de la Maiſon Ottomane*.

Not far from *Avignon*, on the banks of the ſame rapid river, ſtands *Beaucaire*, famous for its annual FAIR, where merchandize are brought from all parts of Europe, free of all duties: it begins on the 22d of July; and it is computed that eight million of livres are annually expended there in eight days. *Avignon* is remarkable for the No^r. Seven, having

ſeven

ſeven ports, ſeven pariſhes, ſeven colleges, ſeven hoſpitals, and ſeven monaſteries; and I may add, I think, ſeven hundred bells, which are always making a horrid jingle, for they have no idea of ringing bells harmoniouſly in any part of France.

LETTER XL.

LYONS.

AFTER a month's reſidence at *Avignon*, where I waited till the weather and roads amongſt the high *Dauphiné* mountains were both improved, I ſat out for this city. I had, you know, outward bound, dropt down to *Port St. Eſprit* by water, ſo it was a new ſcene to us by land, and I aſſure you it was a fine one; the vaſt and extenſive rich vales, adorned on all ſides with ſuch romantic mountains, could not be otherwiſe, in ſuch a climate. Our firſt ſtage was only four long leagues to *Orange*; this is the laſt town in the Pope's territories; and within a quarter of a mile of it ſtands, in a corn field, a beautiful Roman triumphal arch, ſo great in *ruins*, that it would be an ornament even in Rome. The *Palais Royal* at this town, has nothing to recommend it, but that it affords a proſpect of this rich morſel of antiquity. From

From *Orange* we paſſed through *Pierlaite*, *Donzeir*, and ſeveral ſmaller towns, and we lay one night at a ſingle houſe, but an excellent auberge, called *Soucé*, kept by an underſtanding ſenſible hoſt.

At a little village called *A'tang*, on the banks of the Rhone, we ſtopped a day or two, to enjoy the ſweet ſituation. Juſt oppoſite to it, on the other ſide of the river, ſtands a large town, (*Tournau*,) which added to the beauty of our village, over which hangs a very high mountain, from whence the beſt Hermitage wine is collected: I ſuppoſe it is called *Hermitage*, from a Hermit's cell on the top of it; but ſo unlike the *Montſerrat* Hermitages, that I contented myſelf with only taſting the Hermit's wine; it was ſo good indeed, that though I did not ſee how it was poſſible to get it ſafe to the north ſide of France, I could not withſtand the temptation of buying a caſk, for which I was to pay

pay twelve guineas, and did pay one as earneſt, to a very ſenſible, and I believe honeſt and opulent wine merchant, who, however, made me a preſent of two bottles when I came away, almoſt worth my guinea; it is three livres a bottle on the ſpot; and he ſhewed me orders he had received from men of faſhion in England, for wine; among which was one from Mr. *Ryder*, Sir *Dudley Ryder*'s ſon, I fancy, who, I found, was well ſatisfied with his former dealings. Do you know that Claret is greatly improved by a mixture of Hermitage, and that the beſt Claret we have in England is generally ſo *adulterated?*

The next towns we paſſed were *Pevige* and *Vienne*, the latter only five leagues from this city. It is a very ancient town, and was formerly a Roman colony. The cathedral is a large and noble Gothic ſtructure, and in it is a fine tomb of Cardinal *De Mountmoin*, ſaid to be equal in workmanſhip to *Richlieu*'s, in the *Sorbonne*, but ſaid

to

to be ſo, by people no ways qualified to judge properly; it is indeed an expenſive, but a miſerable performance, when put in competition with the works of *Girrardeau*. About half a mile without the town is a noble pyramidal Roman monument, ſaid to have ſtood in the center of the Market-place, in the time of the Romans. There is alſo to be ſeen in this town, a Moſaic pavement, diſcovered only a few years ſince, wonderfully beautiful indeed, and near ten feet ſquare, though not quite perfect, being broken in the night by ſome malicious people, out of mere wantonneſs, ſoon after it was diſcovered.

At this town I was recommended to the *Table Round*; but as there are two, the *grande* and the *petit*, I muſt recommend you to the *petit*, where I was obliged to move; for, of all the dreadful women I I ever came near, Madam *Rouſſillion* has the *leaſt meliſluous* notes; her ill behaviour, however, procured me the honour of a very

very agreeable acquaintance, the *Marquis De Valan*, who made me aſhamed, by ſhewing us an attention we had no right to expect; but this is one, among many other agreeable circumſtances, which attend ſtrangers travelling in France. French gentlemen never ſee ſtrangers ill treated, without ſtanding forth in their defence; and I hope Engliſh gentlemen will follow their example, becauſe it is a piece of juſtice due to ſtrangers, in whatever country they are, or whatever country they are from; it is doing as one would be done by. That prejudice which prevails in England, even among ſome people of faſhion, againſt the French nation, is illiberal, in the higheſt degree; nay, it is more, it is a national diſgrace.—When I recollect with what eaſe and uninterruption I have paſſed through ſo many great and little towns, and extenſive provinces, without a ſymptom of wanton rudeneſs being offered me, I bluſh to think how a Frenchman, if he made no better figure than I did, would have been

treated in a tour through Britain.——My Monkey, with a pair of French jack boots, and his hair *en queue*, rode poſtilion upon my ſturdy horſe ſome hours every day; ſuch a ſight, you may be ſure, brought forth old and young, ſick and lame, to look at him and his maſter. *Jocko* put whole towns in motion, but never brought any affront on his maſter; they came to look and to laugh, but not to deride or inſult. The poſt-boys, it is true, did not like to ſee their fraternity *taken off*, in my *little Theatre*; but they ſeldom diſcovered it, but by a grave ſalutation; and ſometimes a good-humoured fellow called him comrade, and made *Jocko* a bow; they could not laugh at his bad ſeat, for not one of them rode with more eaſe, or had a handſomer laced jacket. Mr. *Buffon* ſays, the Monkey or *Maggot*, (and mine is the latter, for he has no tail) make their grimace or chattering equally to ſhew their anger or to make known their appetite. With all due deference to this great naturaliſt,

I muſt

I muſt beg leave to ſay, that his obſerva-tion is not quite juſt: there is as much difference between the grimace of my *Jocko*, when he is angry or hungry, and when he grins to ſhew delight, as there is in man, when he gnaſhes his teeth in wrath, or laughs from mirth.

Between *Avignon* and this town I met a dancing bear, mounted by a *Maggot*: as it was upon the high road, I deſired leave to preſent *Jocko* to his grandfather, for ſo he appeared both in age and ſize; the in-terview, though they were both males, was very affecting; never did a father receive a long-loſt child with more ſeeming affection than the *old gentleman* did my *Jocko*; he embraced him with every degree of ten-derneſs imaginable, while the *young gentle-man* (like other young gentlemen of the preſent age) betrayed a perfect indifference. In my conſcience I believe it, there was ſome conſanguinity between them, or the reception would have proved more mutual.

Between you and I, I fear, were I to return to England, I might find myſelf a ſad party in ſuch an interview. It is a ſad reflection; but perhaps Providence may wiſely ordain ſuch things, in order as men grow older, to wean them from the objects of their worldly affections, that they may reſign more readily to the decree of fate. That good man, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, did not ſeem to dread the approach of death on his own account, ſo much as from the grievous affliction HE had reaſon to fear it would bring upon his children and family.

LETTER



LETTER XLI.

LYONS.

The Harangue of the Emperor CLAUDIUS, *in the* SENATE. *Copied from the original Bronze plate in the Hotel de Ville, of* Lyons.

FIRST TABLE.

MÆRERUM.NOSTR::::::SII::::::::::
Equidem·primam·omnium·illam cogitationem·hominum·quam·maxime·primam·occurſuram·mihi·provideo·deprecor·ne·quaſi·novam·iſtam·rem·introduci·exhorreſcatis·ſed·illa·potius·cogitetis·quam·multa·in·hac·civitate·novata·ſint·et·quidem. ſtatim·ab·origine·vrbis·noſtræ·in·quod·formas·ſtatuſque·res·P·noſtra·diducta·ſit.

Quandam·reges·hanc·tenuere.vrbem·nec tamen·domeſticis·ſucceſſoribus·eam·tradere contigit·ſupervenere·alieni·et·quidam·externi·vt·Numa·Romulo·ſucceſſerit·ex·Sabinis·veniens·vicinus·quidem·ſe·tunc.

Sed tunc externus ut Anco Marcio Priſcus Tarquinius propter temeratum ſanguinem quod Patre Demaratho Corinthio natus erat et Tarquinienſi Matre generoſo ſed inopi ut quæ tali marito neceſſe habuerit ſuccumbere cum domi repelleretur A gerendis honoribus poſtquam Roman migravit regnum adeptus eſt huic quoque et filio nepotive ejus nam et hoc inter auctores diſcrepat. inſertus Servius Tullius ſi noſtros ſequimur captiva natus ocreſia ſi tuſcos cœli quondam vivennæ ſodalis fideliſſimus omniſque ejus caſus comes poſt quam varia fortuna exactus cum omnibus reliquis cæliani exercitus Etruria excepit mentem cælium occupavit et a duce ſuo cælio ita appellitatus mutatoque nomine nam Tuſce moſtrana ei nomen erat ita appellatus eſt ut dixi et regnum ſumma cum rei p utilitate optinuit deinde poſtquam Tarquini ſuperbi mores inviſi civitati noſtræ eſſe coeperunt qua ipſius qua filiorum ejus nempe pertæſum eſt mentes regni et ad conſules.

Annuos

Annuos · magiſtratus · adminiſtratio · rei · p · tranſlata · eſt · quid · nunc · commemorem · dictatuvalentius · repertum · apud · majores · noſtros quo · in · aſperioribus · bellis · aut · in · civili · motu · dificiliore · uterentur · aut · in · auxilium · plebis · creatos · tribunos · plebei · quid · a · latum · imperium · ſolutoque · poſtea · Decemverali · regno · ad · conſules · rurſus · reditum · quid · in · decuris · diſtributum · conſulare · imperium · tribunoſque · militum · conſulari · imperio · appellatos · qui · ſeni · et · ſæpe · octoni · crearentur · quid communicatos · poſtermo · cum · plebe · honores non · imperi · ſolum · ſed · ſacerdotiorum · quoque · jam · ſi · narrem · bella · p · quibus · cœperint majores · noſtri · et · quo · proceſſerimus · vereor · ne · nimio · inſolentior · eſſe · videar · et · quæſiſſe jactationem · gloria · prolati · imperi · ultra · oceanum · ſed · illoc · potius . revertor · civitatem.

Second Table.

: SANE
: : : NOVO : : DIVVS : : AUG : : : LVS.
et · Patruus · Ti · Cæſar · omnem · florem · ubiſque

 coloniarum

coloniarum·ac·municipiorum·bonorum·ſcilicet·virorum·et·locupletium·in·hac·curia·eſſe·voluit·quid·ergo·non·Italicus·ſenator·Provinciali·potior·eſt·jam·vobis·cum·hanc·partem·cenſuræmeæ·ad·probare·cœpero·quid·de·ea·re·ſentiam.rebus.oſtendam·ſed·ne Provinciales·quidem·ſi·modo·ornare·curiam poterint·rejiciendos·puto.

Ornatiſſimæ·ecce·colonia·volentiſſimaque Viennenſium·quam·longo·jam·tempore·ſenatores·huic·curiæ·confert·ex·qua·colonia·inter·paucas·equeſtris·ordinis·ornamentum·L·veſtinum·familiariſſime·diligo·et·hodieque·in·rebus·meis·detineo·cujus·liberi·tiorum·gradu·poſt·modo·cum·annis·promoturi·dignitatis·ſuæ·incrementa·ut·dirum·nomen·latronis·taceam·et·odi·illud·palæſtricum prodigium·quod·ante·in·domum·conſulatum·intulit·quam·colonia·ſua·ſolidum·civitatis·Romanæ·beneficium·conſecuta·eſt·idem de·patre·ejus·poſſum·dicere·miſerabili·quidem·invtilis·ſenator·eſſe·non·poſſit·tempus eſt·jam·TI·CÆSAR·Germanice·detegere·te·

patribus

patribus · conſcriptis · quo · tendat · oratio · tua · jam · enim · ad · extremos · fines · Galliæ · Narbonenſis · veniſti.

Tot · ecce · inſignes · juvenes · quot · intuetor · non · magis · ſunt · pænitendi · ſenatores · quam ænitet · Perſicum · nobliſſimum · virum · amicum · meum · inter · imagines · majorum · ſuorum · Allobrogici · nomen · legere · quod · si · hæc · ita · eſſe · conſentitis · quid · ultra · deſideratis · quam · ut · vobis · digito · demonſtrem · ſolum ipſum · ultra · fines · provinciæ · Narbonenſis · jam · vobis · ſenatores · mittere · quando · ex · Luguduno · habere · nos · noſtri · ordinis · viros · non pænitet · timide · quidem. P · C · vobis · provinciarum · terminos · ſum · ſed · deſtricte · jam · comatæ · Galliæ · cauſa · argenda · eſt · in · qua · ſi · quis · hoc · intuetur · quod · bello · per · decem. anno · exercuerunt · divom · Julium · diem · opponat · centum · annorum · immobilem · fidem obſequivmque · multis · trepidis · rebus · noſtris pluſquam · expertum · illi · patri · meo · druſo · Germaniam · ſubi · genti · tutam · quiete · ſua. ſecuramque · a · tergo · pacem · præſtiterunt · et ·

quidem

quidem cum A D cenſus novo tum opere et in adſueto gallis ad bellum avocatus eſſet quod opus quam arduum ſit nobis nunc maxime quam vis nihil ultra quam ut publice notæ ſint facultates noſtræ exquiratur nimis magno experimento cognoſcimus.

The above harangue, made by CLAUDIUS, in favour of the LYONOISE, and which he pronounced in the Senate, are the only remains of the works of this Emperor, though he compoſed many. *Suetonius* ſays he compoſed forty-three books of a hiſtory, and left eight compleat of his own life; and adds, that he wrote more elegantly than judiciouſly.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

LYONS.

I Have now ſpent a month in my ſecond viſit to this great and flouriſhing city, and fortunately took lodgings in a *Hotel*, where I found the lady and ſiſter of *Monſ. Le Marquis De Valan*, whoſe politeneſs to us I mentioned in a former letter at *Vienne*, and by whoſe favour I have had an opportunity of ſeeing more, and being better informed, than I could have been without ſo reſpectable an acquaintance. At *Vienne* I only knew his rank, here I became acquainted with his good character, and fortune, which is very conſiderable in *Dauphiné*, where he has two or three fine ſeats. His Lady came to *Lyons*, to lye-in, attended by the Marquiſſe's ſiſter, a *Chanoineſſe*, a moſt agreeable ſenſible woman, of a certain age; but the Counteſs is young and beautiful.

You

You may imagine that, after what I ſaid of *Lyons*, on my way *to* Spain, I did not aſſociate much with my own country-folks. On my return, indeed, my principal amuſement was to ſee as much as I could, in a town where ſo much is to be ſeen; and in relating to you what I have ſeen, I will begin with the *Hotel De Ville*; if it had not that name, I ſhould have called it a Palace, for there are few palaces ſo large or ſo noble; upon the firſt entrance of which, in the veſtibule, you ſee, fixed in the wall, a large plate of Bronze, bearing ſtronger marks of fire than of age; on which were engraven, ſeventeen hundred years ago, two harangues made by the Emperor *Claudius* in the ſenate, in favour of the *Lyonoiſe*, and which are not only legible at this day, but all the letters are ſharp and well executed; the plate indeed is broke quite through the middle, but fortunately the fraction runs between the firſt and ſecond harangues, ſo as to have done but little injury among the

letters.

letters. As I do not know whether you ever ſaw a copy of it, I incloſe it to you, and deſire you will ſend it as an agreeable exerciſe, to be well tranſlated by my friend at Oxford.

On the other ſide of the veſtibule is a noble ſtair-caſe, on which is well painted the deſtruction of the city, by ſo dreadful a fire in the time of the Romans, that *Seneca*, who gives an account of it in a letter to his friend, ſays,

"*Una nox fuit inter urbem maximum et nullum.*"

i. e. One night only intervened between a great city and nothing.

There is ſomething awful in this ſcene, to ſee on one ſide of the ſtair-caſe the conflagration well executed; on the other, ſtrong marks of the very fire which burnt ſo many ages ago; for there can be no doubt, but that

that the Bronze plate ſtood at that time in the *Roman Hotel de Ville*, and was burnt down with it, becauſe it was dug up among the refuſe of the old city on the mountain called *Fourvire*, on the other ſide of the river, where the original city was built.—In cutting the letters on this large plate of Bronze, they have, to gain room, made no diſtance between the words, but ſhewn the diviſion only by a little touch thus ‹ with the engraver; and where a word ended with a C, or G, they have clapt the touch within the concavity of the letter, otherwiſe it is admirably well executed.

Upon entering into the long gallery above ſtairs, you are ſhewn the late King and Queen's pictures at full length, ſurrounded with the heads of ſome hundred citizens; and in one corner of the room an ancient altar, the *Taurobolium*, dug up in 1704, near the ſame place that *Claudius*'s harangue was found; it is of common ſtone, well executed, about 4 feet high,

high, and one foot and a half ſquare; on the front of it is the bull's head, in demi relief, adorned with a garland of corn; on the right ſide is the *victimary* knife* of a very ſingular form; and on the left the head of a ram, adorned as the bull's; near the point of the knife are the following words, *cujus factum eſt*; the top of the altar is hollowed out into the form of a ſhallow baſon, in which, I ſuppoſe, incenſe was burnt, and part of the victims.

The Latin inſcription under the bull's head, is very well cut, and very legible, by which it appears, that by the expreſs order of CYBELE, the reputed mother of the Gods, for the honour and health of the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, father of his country, and for the preſervation of his children,

* The knife, which is cut in demi relief, on the *Torobolium*, is crooked upon the back, exactly in the ſame manner, and form, as may be ſeen on ſome of the medals of the Kings of Macedonia.

children, *Lucius Æmilius Carpus** received the horns of the bull, by the miniſtration of *Quintus Sammius Secundus*, tranſported them to the Vatican, and conſecrated, at his own expence, this altar and the head of the bull†; but I will ſend the inſcription

* *Lucius Æmilius Carpus* was a Prieſt, and a man of great riches: he was of the quality of *Sevir*, and probably one of ſix Prieſts of the temple of Auguſtus.—*Sextumvir Auguſtalii.*

† Several inſcriptions of this kind have been found both in Italy and Spain, but by far the greater number among the Gauls; and as the ſacrifices to the Goddeſs Cybele were ſome of the leaſt ancient of the Pagan rites, ſo they were the laſt which were ſuppreſſed on the change of Paganiſm into Chriſtianity. Since we find one of the Taurobolian inſcriptions, with ſo low a date as the time of the Emperor Valentinian the third. The ſilence of the Heathen writers on this head is very wonderful; for the only one who makes any mention of them is Julius Firmicus Maternus, in his diſſertation on the errors of the Pagan religion; as Dalenius, in his elaborate account of the Taurobolium, has remarked.

The ceremony of the conſecration of the High Prieſt of Cybele, which many learned men have miſtaken for the conſecration

ſcription, and a model* of the altar, as ſoon as I can have it made, as I find here a very ingenious ſculptor and modeller; who, to my

* *The Model is now in the poſſeſſion of the ingenious* Dr. HARRINGTON, *at Bath.*

conſecration of the Roman Pontifex Maximus; which dignity, from the very earlieſt infancy of the Roman Empire, was always annexed to that of the Emperor himſelf.

The prieſts who had the direction of the Taurobola, wore the ſame veſtments without waſhing out the bloody ſtains, as long as they would hold together.

By theſe rites and baptiſms by blood, they thought themſelves, as it were re-born to a life eternal. Sextilius Ageſilaus Ædeſius ſays, that he was born a-new, to life eternal, by means of the expiation of the Taurobolium and Criobolium.

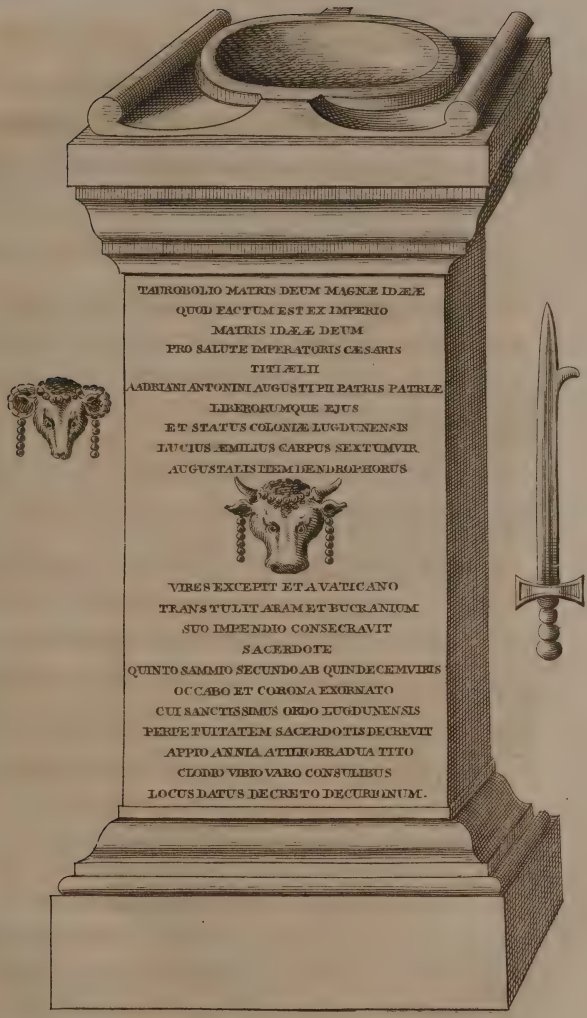
Nor were the prieſts alone initiated in this manner, but alſo others, who were not of that order; in particular caſes the regenerations were only promiſed for twenty years.

Beſides the Taurobolia and Criobolia, which were erected at the expence of whole cities and provinces, there were others alſo, which were founded by the bounty of private people. We often meet with the names of magiſtrates and prieſts of other Gods, who were admitted into theſe myſteries, and who erected Taurobolia as offerings for the ſafety of the Emperor, or their own. The rites of the Taurobolia laſted ſometimes many days.

my great ſurprize, ſays, no one has hitherto been taken from it. And here let me obſerve, leſt I forget it, to ſay, that *Auguſtus* lived three years in this city. The

The inſcription, on the Taurobolium, which is on the ſame ſide with the head of the bull, we have endeavoured to explain by filling up the abbreviations which are met with in the Roman character.

TAUROBOLIO MATRIS DEUM MAGNÆ IDÆÆ
QUOD FACTUM EST EX IMPERIO
MATRIS IDÆÆ DEUM
PRO SALUTE IMPERATORIS CÆSARIS
TITI ÆLII
AADRIANI ANTONINI AUGUSTI PII PATRIS PATRIÆ
LIBERORUMQUE EJUS
ET STATUS COLONIÆ LUGDUNENSIS
LUCIUS ÆMILIUS CARPUS SEXTUMVIR
AUGUSTALIS ITEM DENDROPHORUS
VIRES EXCEPIT ET A VATICANO
TRANSTULIT ARAM ET BUCRANIUM
SUO IMPENDIO CONSECRAVIT
SACERDOTE
QUINTO SAMMIO SECUNDO AB QUINDECEMVIRIS
OCCABO ET CORONA EXORNATO
CUI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LUGDUNENSIS
PERPETUITATEM SACERDOTIS DECREVIT
APPIO ANNIA ATILIO BRADUA TITO
CLODIO VIBIO VARO CONSULIBUS
LOCUS DATUS DECRETO DECURIONUM.


TAVROBOLIO MATRIS DEUM MAGNÆ IDÆÆ
QUOD FACTUM EST EX IMPERIO
MATRIS IDÆÆ DEUM
PRO SALUTE IMPERATORIS CÆSARIS
TITI ÆLII
AADRIANI ANTONINI AUGUSTI PII PATRIS PATRIÆ
LIBERORUMQUE EJUS
ET STATUS COLONIÆ LUGDUNENSIS
LUCIUS ÆMILIUS CARPUS SEXTUMVIR
AUGUSTALIS TEMIELENDROPHORUS
VIRES EXCEPIT ET A VATICANO
TRANSTULIT ARAM ET BUCRANIUM
SUO IMPENDIO CONSECRAVIT
SACERDOTE
QUINTO SAMMIO SECUNDO AB QUINDECEMVIRIS
OCCABO ET CORONA EXORNATO
CUI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LUGDUNENSIS
PERPETUITATEM SACERDOTIS DECREVIT
APPIO ANNIA ATILIO BRADUA TITO
CLODIO VIBIO VARO CONSULIBUS
LOCUS DATUS DECRETO DECURIONUM.

The *Taurobolium* was one of the great myſteries, you know, of the Roman religion, in the obſervance of which, I think, they dug a large hole in the earth, and covered it with planks, laid at certain diſtances, ſo as to give light into the ſubterranean temple. The perſon who was to receive the *Taurobolio* then deſcended into the theatre, and received on his head and whole body, the ſmoaking hot blood of the bull, which is there ſacrificed for that purpoſe. If a ſingle bull was only ſacrificed, I think they called it a ſimple *Torobolio*; if a ram was added to it, as was ſometimes done, it was then called a *Torobolio*, and *Criobolio*; ſometimes too, I believe a goat was alſo ſlain.

After all the blood of the victim animals was diſcharged, the Prieſts and Cybils retired beneath the theatre, and he who had received the bloody ſacrifice, came

forth and expoſed himſelf, beſmeared with blood, to the people, who all proſtrated themſelves before him, with reverential awe, as one who was thereby particularly ſanctified, and whoſe perſon ought to be regarded with the higheſt veneration, and looked upon with holy horror; nor did this ſanctification, I think, end with the ceremony, but rendered the perſon of the ſanctified holy for twenty years. An inſcription cited by *Gruter*, ſeems to confirm this matter, who, after ſpeaking of one *Nepius Egnatius Faventinus*, in who lived the year of Chriſt 176, ſays,

" *Percepto Torobolio Criobolioque feliciter,*"

Concludes with theſe words,

" *Vota Fauventinus bis deni ſuſcipit orbis*
" *Ut mactet repetens aurata fronte biſcornes.*"

The *bis denus orbis* ſeems to imply, the ſpace of twice ten years.

Concludes

And here I cannot help making a little compariſon between the honours paid by the Roman citizens to their Emperors, and thoſe of the preſent times to the Princes of the Blood Royal. You muſt know that the preſent King's brother, came to *Lyons* in the year 1775, and thus it is recorded in letters of gold upon their quay:

LOUIS XVI. REGNANT.
EN MEMORIE DE L'HEUREUX JOUR CINQ.
SEPTEMBRE MDCCLXXV.
OU
MONSIEUR FRERE DU ROI
ET MADAME
SONT ARRIVES EN CETTE VILLE
CE QUAI
DE L'AGREEMENT DU PRINCE
ET PAR ORDANNANCE DU CONSULAT
DU DOUZE DU MEME MOIS
A ETE NOMME A PERPETUITE
QUAI MONSIEUR.

If the *Bourgeoiſe* of *Lyons*, however, are not men of genius, they are ingenious men,

and they have a moſt delightful country to dwell in. I think I may ſay, that from the high hills which hang about this city, and taking in the rivers, fertile vales, rude rocks, vine-yards, and country ſeats, far and near, that *Lyons* and its environs, afford a greater variety of natural and artificial beauties, than any ſpot in Europe. It is, however, by no means a place for the winter reſidence of a ſtranger. Moſt of the natives advanced in years, were carried off laſt winter. The ſurly winds which come down the Rhone, with impetuous blaſts, are very diſagreeable and dangerous. I found the cold intolerable in the begining of May, out of the ſun-ſhine, and the ſun intolerable in it. In England I never wore but one under waiſtcoat; in Spain, and in the ſouth of France, I found two neceſſary. The Spaniards wear long cloaks, and we laugh at them; but the laugh would come more properly from them. There is in thoſe climates a *vifneſs* in the air that penetrates

netrates through and through; and I am ſure that ſuch who travel to the ſouthward for the recovery of their health, ought to be ten times more upon their guard, to be well ſecured againſt the keen blaſts of the ſouth of France, than even againſt an aſterly wind in England.

The diſorder which carried off ſo many laſt winter at *Lyons*, was called the Gripe. In a large hotel only one perſon eſcaped it, an Engliſh Lady. They called it the *Gripe*, from the faſt hold it took of the perſon it ſeized; nor did it let them *go* till April.

On my way here, I found it ſometimes extremely hot; it is now the firſt of May, and I am ſhaking by the ſide of a good fire, and have had one conſtantly every day for this fortnight.

LETTER XLIII.

LYONS.

THE *Lyonoiſe* think their town was particularly honoured by the *Taurobolium*; but it was a common practice to offer that ſacrifice not only for the Emperor's health, but for the preſervation of a city. There are two of theſe altars in the town of *Letoure*; one conſecrated for the preſervation of the Emperor *Gordian*, on which is the following inſcription:

PRO SALVTE IMP. ANTONINI GORDIANO PII FEL. AVG. TOTIVSQVE DOMVS DIVINÆ PROQVE STATV CIVIT. LACTOR TOROPOLIVM FECIT ORDO LACTOR D. N. GORDIANO II ET POMPEIANO COS VI ID DEC CVRANTIB M EROTIO ET FESTO CANINIS SACERD.

And in a little village near *Marſeilles*, called *Pennes*, there is a ſtone, on which is engraven,

MATRI DEVM MAGNÆ IDEÆ.

And on another, in the ſame town,

MATRI DEVM TAVROPOLIVM.

I muſt

I muſt not omit to give you a copy of a ſingular inſcription on the tomb of a mint-maſter, which was found in *Lyons*, and is preſerved entire:

NOBILIS TIB. CÆSARIVS AVG. SER ÆQ. MONET HIC
AD QVI ESCIT JVLIA ADEPTA CONJVNX ET
PERPETVA FILIA D. S. D.

The moſt ancient money which has been found in and about this city, is the little coin of *Mark Anthony*; on one ſide of which is repreſented the Triumvirate; on the other, a Lion, with the word *Lugudani* under it; on each ſide of the Lion are the letters A and X L. The antiquarians here think thoſe letters marked the value of the piece, and that it was about forty *ſous*; but is it not more probable, that this was only the mint-maſter's touch?

Nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the importance of this city, in the time of the Romans, than the immenſe expence they were

were at in erecting ſuch a number of grand aquæducts, one of which was eighteen leagues in length; many parts of them are ſtill viſible; and it appears that they ſpent for the reparation of them, at *one* time, near one thouſand talents; and here it was that the four grand Roman highways divided; one of which went directly to the ſea, and another to the *Pyrenées*.

Agrippa, who was the conſtructor of moſt of theſe noble monuments of Roman grandeur, would not permit the *Lyonoiſe* to erect any monument among them to his memory; and yet, his memory is, in a very particular manner, preſerved to this day in the very heart of the city, for in the front of a houſe on the quay *de Villeroy*, is a medallion of baked earth, which, I think, perfectly reſembles him; ſure I am it is an unqueſtionable antique; it is a little disfigured indeed, and diſgraced by his name being written upon it in modern characters. But there is another monument of *Agrippa* here;

here; it is part of the epitaph of an officer, or ſoldier, of the third cohort, whoſe duty it was to take an account of the expence of each day for the ſubſiſtence of the troops employed to work on the high-ways, and this officer was called *A. Rationibus Agrippæ.*

There are an infinite number of Roman inſcriptions preſerved at *Lyons*, among which is the following ſingular one:

DIIS INIQVIS QVI ANIMVLAM
TVAM RAPVERVNT.

I have already told you of a modern monument erected by the *Lyonoiſe*, and now, with grief and concern, I muſt tell you of an ancient one, which they have demoliſhed! it was a moſt beautiful ſtructure, called the tomb of the Two Lovers; that, however, was a miſtake; it was the tomb of a brother and ſiſter named *Amandas*, or *Amans*, for near where it ſtood was lately

lately found the following monumental inſcription:

D M
ET MEMORIÆ ÆTERNÆ OLIÆ TRIBVTÆ
FEMINÆ SANCTISSIMÆ ARVESCIVS
AMENDVS FRATER SORORI KARISSIMÆ
SIBIQVE AMANTISSIMÆ P. C. ET
SVB OSCIA DEDICAVIT.

I have ſeen a beautiful drawing of this fine monument, which ſtood near the high road, a little without the town; the barbarian *Bourgeoiſes* threw it down about ſeventy years ago, to ſearch for treaſure.

But enough of antiquities; and therefore I will tell you truly my ſentiments with reſpect to the ſouth of France, which is, that *Lyons* is quite ſouthward enough for an Engliſhman, who will, if he goes farther, have many wants which cannot be ſupplied. After quitting *Lyons*, he will find neither good butter, milk, or cream. At *Lyons*, every thing, which man can wiſh for, is in perfection; it is indeed a rich

rich, noble, and plentiful town, abounding with every thing that is good, and more *finery* than even in *Paris* itſelf. They have a good theatre, and ſome tolerable actors; among whom is the handſomeſt Frenchman I ever beheld, and, a little ſtiffneſs excepted, a good actor. Their dancers, male and female, are excellent indeed.

Any young gentleman traveller, particularly *of the Engliſh nation*, who is deſirous of *repleniſhing his purſe*, cannot, even in *Paris*, find more convenient occaſions to throw himſelf in *fortune's way*, than at the city of *Lyons*.

An Engliſh Lady, and two or three gentlemen, have lately been ſo *fortunate there*, as to find lodgings *at a great Hotel*, gratis; and I deſire you will particularly *recommend a long ſtay at* Lyons *to my Oxonian friend*; where he may *ſee the world*, without looking out at window.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

I Find I omitted to give you before I left *Niſmes*, ſome account of Monſieur *Seguier*'s cabinet, a gentleman whoſe name I have before mentioned, and whoſe converſation and company were ſo very agreeable to me. Among an infinite number of natural and artificial curioſities, are many ancient Roman inſcriptions, one of which is that of *T. Julius Feſtus*, which *Spon* mentions in his *Melanges D'Antiquite*. There are alſo a great number of Roman utenſils of bronze, glaſs, and earthen-ware. The Romans were well acquainted with the dangerous conſequences of uſing copper veſſels* in their kitchens, as may be ſeen in this collection, where there are a great many for that purpoſe; but all ſtrongly gilt, not only within, but without, to prevent a poſſibility of *verdigris* ariſing. There is alſo a bronze head of a Coloſſal

* See Dr. FALCONER, of *Bath*, his Treatiſe on this ſubject.

a Coloſſal ſtatue, found not many years ſince near the fountain of *Niſmes*, which merits particular attention, as well as a great number of Roman and Greek medals and medallions, well preſerved, and ſome which are very rare. The natural curioſities are chiefly compoſed of foſſils and petrifications; among the latter, are an infinite number of petrified fiſh *embalmed* in ſolid ſtones; and where one ſees the fineſt membranes of the fins, and every part of the fiſh, delineated by the pencil of nature, in the moſt exquiſite manner; the greater part of theſe petrifications were collected by the hands of the poſſeſſor, ſome from *Mount Bola*, others from *Mount Liban, Switzerland, &c.*

Mr. *Seguier*'s *Herbary* conſiſts of more than ten thouſand plants; but above all, Mr. *Seguier* himſelf, is the firſt, and moſt valuable part of his cabinet, having ſpent a long life in rational amuſements; and, though turned of four-ſcore, he has all the chearfulneſs

chearfulneſs of youth, without any of the garrulity of old age. When he honoured me with a viſit, at my country lodgings, he came on foot, and as the waters were out, I aſked him how he *got at me*, ſo dry footed? He had walked upon the wall, he ſaid; a wall not above nine inches thick, and of a conſiderable length!

And here let me obſerve, that a Frenchman eats his *ſoup* and *bouille* at twelve o'clock, drinks only *with*, not *after* his dinner, and then mixes water with his *genuine* wine; he lives in a fine climate, where there is not as with us, for ſix weeks together, eaſterly winds, which ſtop the pores, and obſtruct perſpiration. A Frenchman eats a great deal, it is true, but it is not all *hard meat*, and they never ſit and drink after dinner or ſupper is over.—An Engliſhman, on the contrary, drinks much ſtronger, and a variety of fermented liquors, and often much worſe, and ſits *at it* many hours after dinner, and always after

after ſupper. How then can he expect ſuch health, ſuch ſpirits, and to enjoy a long life, free from pain, as moſt Frenchmen do? When the negro ſervants in the Weſt-Indies find their maſters call *after* dinner for a bowl of punch extraordinary, they whiſper them, (if company are preſent) and aſk, "*whether they drink for drunk*, or *drink for dry?*" A Frenchman never drinks for *drunk*.—While the Engliſhman is earning diſeaſe and miſery at his bottle, the Frenchman is embroidering a gown, or knitting a handkerchief for his miſtreſs. I have ſeen a Lady's ſack finely *tamboured* by a Captain of horſe, and a Lady's white boſom ſhewn through maſhes netted by the man who made the ſnare, in which he was himſelf entangled; though he made it, he did not perhaps know the powers of it till ſhe *ſet it*.

LETTER XLV.

I Write to you juſt as things come into my head, having taken very few notes, and thoſe, as you muſt perceive, often without much regard to *uniſon* or *time*. It has this minute occurred to me, that I omitted to tell you on my journey onwards, that I viſited a little town in *Picardie*, called *Ham*, where there is ſo ſtrong a caſtle, that it may be called a *petit Baſtile*, and which was then, and ſtill is, full of ſtate priſoners and debtors. To this caſtle there is a monſtrous tower, the walls of which are thirty-ſix feet thick, and the height and circumference are proportionable thereto; it was built by the *Conétable de St. Paul*, in order to ſhut up his maſter, *Charles* the VIth, King of France, and cotemporary, I think, with our *Henry* the Vth; but ſuch are the extraordinary turns of all human affairs, that

that *Monſ. le Conétable* was ſhut up in it himſelf many years, and ended his days there.—The fate of this conſtable brings to my mind a circumſtance that happened under my *adminiſtration*, at *Land-Guard Fort*, when the King was pleaſed to truſt me with the command of it. I had not been twenty-four hours in poſſeſſion of what I thought a ſmall ſovereignty, before I received a letter in the following terms :

" SIR, Having obſerved horſes grazing " on the covered way, that *hath* done " apparent damage, and may do more, I " think it my duty to inform you, that " his Majeſty does not permit horſes to " feed thereon, &c. &c. (Signed)

ANTHONY GOODE,
Overſeer of the Works."

I never was more ſurprized, than to find my wings were to be thus clipt, by a civil officer of the board of ordnance; however wrong I or my horſes had acted, I could not let Mr. GOODE *graze* ſo cloſely upon

my authority, without a reprimand; I therefore wrote him an anſwer in terms as follow: "that having ſeen a fat impudent-"looking ſtrutting fellow about the gar-"riſon, it was my order that, when his "duty led him to communicate any thing "to me relative to the works thereof, "that he came himſelf, inſtead of writing "impertinent letters." Mr. *Goode* ſent a copy of his letter and mine to Sir *Charles Frederick*; and the poſt following, he received from the Office of Ordnance, ſeveral printed papers in the King's name, forbidding horſes grazing on the WORKS, and *ordering Mr. Goode* to nail thoſe orders up in different parts of the garriſon! but as I had not then learnt that either he, or his *red ribband maſter*, had any authority to give out, even the King's orders, in a garriſon I commanded, but through my hands, I took the liberty, while Mr. *Goode* and his aſſiſtant-ſon were nailing one up *oppoſite to my parlour window*, to ſend for a file of men, and put them both into the Black-hold,

an

an apartment Mr. *Goode* had himſelf built, being a Maſter-Maſon. By the time he had been ten minutes *grazing* under this *covered way*, he ſent me a meſſage, that he was *aſthmatic*, that the place was too cloſe, and that if he died within a *year and a day*, I muſt be deemed acceſſary to his death. But as I thought Mr. *Goode* ſhould have conſidered, that ſome of the poor invalids too might now and then be as ſubject to the aſthma as he, it was a proper puniſhment, and I kept him there till he knew the duty of a ſoldier, as well as that of a maſon; and as I would *his betters*, had they come down and ventured to have given out orders in a garriſon under my command; but inſtead of getting me puniſhed as a *certain gentleman* aimed at, that able General *Lord Ligonier* approved my conduct, and removed the man to another garriſon, and would have diſmiſſed him the ordnance ſervice, had I not become a petitioner in his favour; for he was too fat and old to work, too proud and arrogant to beg, and

he and *his adviſers* too contemptible to be angry with.——But I muſt return to the caſtle of *Ham*, to tell you what a dreadful black-hold there is in that tower; it is a trap, called by the French *des Obliettes*, of ſo horrible a contrivance, that when the priſoners are to ſuffer in it, the mechanical powers are ſo conſtructed, as to render it impoſſible to be again opened, nor would it ſignify, but to ſee the body *moulué*, i. e. ground to pieces.

There were formerly two or three *Obliettes* in this caſtle; one only now remains; but there are ſtill ſeveral in the *Baſtile*. —When a criminal ſuffers this frightful death, (for perhaps it is not very painful) he has no previous notice, but being led into the apartment, is overwhelmed in an inſtant. It is to be preſumed, however, that none but criminals guilty of high crimes, ſuffer in this manner; for the ſtate priſoners in the *Baſtile* are not only well lodged, but liberal tables are kept for them.

An

An Iriſh officer was lately enlarged from the *Baſtile*, who had been twenty-ſeven years confined there; and though he found a great ſum of money in the place he had concealed it in a little before his confinement, he told Colonel *C*-----, of Fitz-James's regiment, that "having out-lived his acquaintance with the world, as well as with men, he would willingly return there again."

At *Ham* the priſoners for debt are quite ſeparated from the ſtate priſoners; the latter are in the caſtle, the former in the tower.

The death of *Lewis* the XVth gave liberty to an infinite number of unhappy people, and to many who would have been enlarged before, but had been forgotten. When one of theſe unhappy people (a woman of faſhion) was told ſhe might go out; then, (ſaid ſhe) I am ſure *Lewis* the XVth is

dead; an event ſhe knew nothing of, tho' it was a full year after the King's death.—Things are otherwiſe conducted now than in his reign; a wicked vain woman then commanded with unlimited power, both in war and domeſtic concerns. In this reign, there are able, and I believe virtuous miniſters.

I ſuppoſe you think as I did, that Madame *Pompadour* governed by her own powerful charms; but that was not the caſe; ſhe governed, as many other women do, by borrowed charms; ſhe had a correſpondence all over the kingdom, and offices of intelligence, where *youth*, *beauty*, and *innocence*, were regiſtered, which were ſent to her according to order; upon the arrival of the *goods*, they were dreſſed, and trained for *uſe*, under her inſpection, till they were fit to be *ſhewn up*. She had no regard to birth, for a ſhoe-maker's daughter of great beauty, belonging to one of the Iriſh brigades, being introduced to the King, he

he aſked her whether ſhe knew him? No: ſhe did not: But did you ever ſee me before, or any body like me? She had not, but thought him very like the face on the *gros Eccuis* of France. Madame *Pompadour* ſoon found out which of theſe girls proved moſt agreeable to the King, and ſuch were retained, the others diſmiſſed.—The expence of this traffick was immenſe. I am aſſured where the difficulties of birth or faſhion fell in the way, ten thouſand pounds ſterling has been given. Had *Lewis* the XVth lived a few years longer, he would have ruined his kingdom. *Lewis* the XVIth bids fair to aggrandize it.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

Post-House, St. Geosge, ſix leagues from Lyon

I Am particular in dating this letter, in hopes that every Engliſh traveller may avoid the place I write from, by either ſtopping ſhort, or going beyond it, as it is the only houſe of reception for travellers in the village, and the worſt I have met with in my whole journey. We had been ſcurvily treated here as we went; but having arrived at it after dark, and leaving it early, I did not recollect it again, till the miſtreſs by her four face and ſorry fare betrayed it; for ſhe well remembered *us*. As a ſpecimen of French auberge cookery, I cannot help ſerving up a diſh of ſpinnage to you, as it was ſerved to me at this houſe. We came in early in the afternoon, and while I was in the court-yard, I ſaw a flat baſket ſtand upon the ground, the bottom of which

was

was covered with boiled ſpinnage; and as my dog, and ſeveral others in the yard, had often put their noſes into it, I concluded it was put down for *their* food, not *mine*, till I ſaw a dirty girl patting it up into round balls, and two children, the eldeſt not above three years old, ſlavering in and playing with it, one of whom, *to loſe no time*, was performing *an office* that none could *do for her*. I aſked the maid what ſhe was about, and what it was ſhe was ſo preparing? for I began to think I had been miſtaken, till ſhe told me it was ſpinnage;—not for me, I hope, ſaid I,—'*oui, pour vous et le monde.*' I then forbad her bringing any to my table, and putting the little girl *off her center*, by an angry puſh, made her almoſt as dirty as the ſpinnage; and I could perceive her mother, the hoſteſs, and ſome French travellers who were near, looked upon me as a brute, for *diſturbing la pouvre enfant*; nevertheleſs, with my *entrée* came up a diſh of this *delicate ſpinnage*, with which I made the girl a very pretty

Chapeau

Chapeau Anglois, for I turned it, diſh and all, upon her head; this ſet the houſe in ſuch an uproar, that, if there had not come in an old gentleman-like *burgeois* of *Paris*, at that inſtant, I verily believe I ſhould have been turned out; but he engaged warmly in my defence, and inſiſted upon it that I had treated the girl juſt as he would have done, had ſhe brought ſuch a dirty diſh to him, after being cautioned not to do ſo; nor ſhould I have got any ſupper, had I not prevailed on this good-natured man, who never eat any, to order a ſupper for himſelf, and transfer it to me. He was a native of *Lyons*, and had been, for the firſt time after thirty years abſence, to viſit his relations there. My entertainment at this houſe, *outward-bound*, was half a ſecond-hand roaſted turkey, or, what the ſailors call, a *twice-laid* diſh, i. e. one which is *done over* a ſecond time.

I know the French in general will not like to ſee this dirty charge, brought even againſt

againſt an *aubergiſte*, and much leſs to hear it ſaid, that this diſregard to cleanlineſs is almoſt general in the public inns; but truth juſtifies it, and I hope the publication may amend it.

A modern French anonymous traveller, who, I conclude by the company he kept in England, is a man of faſhion, gives in general a juſt account of the Engliſh nation, their cuſtoms and manners; and acknowledges, in handſome terms, the manner he was received by ſome of the firſt families in England. He owns, however, he does not underſtand Engliſh, yet he has the temerity to ſay, that *Gulliver*'s travels are the *chef d'œuvre* of *Dean Swift*; but obſerves, that thoſe travels are greatly improved by paſſing through the hands of *Desfontaines*. —This gentleman muſt excuſe me in ſaying, that *Desfontaines* neither underſtood Engliſh, nor *Dean Swift*, better than he does. He alſo concludes his firſt volume, by obſerving, that what a French Embaſſador to England

England ſaid of that nation, in the year 1523, conſtitutes their character at this day! 'Alas! poor England! though thou *be'ſt* ſo cloſely ſituated, and in ſuch daily converſation with the polite and poliſhed nation of France, thou haſt gained nothing of their eaſe, breeding, and compliments, in the ſpace of two hundred and fifty years!'—— What this gentleman alludes to, is the Embaſſador's letter to the *Conétable Montmorency*, previous to the meeting of *Henry* the Eighth and *Francis* the Firſt, near *Ardres*; for, (ſays the Embaſſador) *ſur-tout je vous prie, que vous oſtiez de la Cour, ceux qui unt la reputation d'etre joyeux & gaudiſſeur, cor c'eſt bien en ce monde, la choſe la plus haïe de cette nation.* And in a few lines after, he foiſts in an extract from a Scotchman, one *Barclay*, who, in his *Examen of Nations*, ſays, *Jenene connoit point de plus aimiable creature, qui un François chez qui l'enjoument eſt temporé par le judgment, & par diſcretion*; to all which I ſubſcribe: but ſuch men are ſeldom to be met with in any kingdom. This

This gentleman ſays, the moſt remarkable, or rather the only act of gaiety he met with in *London*, was an harangue made for an hour in the Houſe of Lords, previous to the trial of Lord *Byron*; and that, as he afterwards underſtood, it was made by a drunken member of parliament. He ſays, it made him and every body laugh exceedingly; but he laughed only (I preſume) becauſe every body elſe did, and relates the ſtory, I fear, merely to make it a national laugh; for the harangue was certainly very ill placed, and the mirth it produced, very indecent, at a time a Peer of the realm was to be brought forth, accuſed of murder; and the untimely death of a valuable and virtuous young man, revived in every body's memory.

This is the unfavourable ſide of what the gentleman ſays of the firſt people in England. Of the peaſants and lower order,

der, he obſerves, that, though they are well fed, well cloathed, and well lodged, yet they are all of a melancholy turn.—The French have no idea of what we call *dry humour*; and this gentleman, perhaps, thought the Engliſh clown melancholy, while he was laughing in his ſleeve at the foppery of his *lacquais*.

Theſe obſervations put me in mind of another modern traveller, a man of ſenſe and letters too, who obſerves, that the balluſtrades at *Weſtminſter* bridge are fixed very cloſe together, to prevent the Engliſh getting through to drown themſelves: and of a Gentleman at *Cambridge*, who, having cut a large pidgeon-hole under his cloſet door, on being aſked the uſe of it, ſaid, he had it cut for an old cat which had kittens, to go in and out; but added, *that he muſt ſend for the carpenter, to cut little holes for the young ones*. His *acute viſitor* inſtantly ſet up a *hoarſe* laugh, and aſked him whether the little cats could not come out at the

the ſame hole the big one did? The other laughing in his turn, ſaid, he did not *think of that.*

Though I have ſpoken with freedom of this French traveller's remarks, yet I muſt own that, in general, he writes and thinks liberally, and ſpeaks highly of the Engliſh nation, and very gratefully of many individuals to whom he was known; and, I dare ſay, a Frenchman will find many more miſtakes of mine, which I ſhall be happy to ſee pointed out, or rectified: but were I to pick out the particular objects of laughter, pity, and contempt, which have fallen in my way, in twice croſſing this great continent, I could make a ſecond *Joe Miller* of one, and a *Jane Shore* of the other. If this traveller could have underſtood the *Beggars' Opera*, the *humour* of *Sam. Foote*, or the pleaſantry among Engliſh ſailors, watermen, and the lower order of the people, he would have known, that, though the Engliſh nation have not ſo much vivacity as the

French, they are behind-hand with no nation whatever, where true wit and genuine humour are to be diſplayed. What would he have ſaid, could he have ſeen and entered into the ſpirit of the proceſſion of the *miſerable Scalds*, or Mr. *Garrick* in *Scrub*; *Shuter*, *Woodward*, Mrs. *Clive*, or even our little *Edwin* at *Bath?* Had he ſeen any of theſe things, he muſt have laughed with the multitude, as he did in the Houſe of Lords, though he had not underſtood it, and muſt have ſeen how inimitably the talents of theſe men were formed, to excite ſo much mirth and delight, even to a heavy *unpoliſhed* Engliſh audience.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

FROM *St. George* to *Macon*, is five leagues. Nothing on earth can be more beautiful than the face of this country, far and near. The road lies over a vaſt and fertile plain, not far diſtant from the banks of the *Soane* on one ſide, and adorned with mountains, equally fertile and beautiful, on the other. It is very ſingular, that all the cows of this part of the country are white, or of a light dun colour, and the dreſs of all the *Maconoiſe* peaſants as different from any other province in France, as that of the Turkiſh habit; I mean the women's dreſs, for I perceived no difference among the men, but that they are greater clowns than any other French peaſants. The women wear a broad bone lace ruff about their necks, and a narrow edging of the ſame ſort round their caps,

which are in the form of the charity girls' caps in England; but as they muſt not bind them on with any kind of ribband, they look rather *laid upon* their heads, than *dreſſed upon them*; their gowns are of a very coarſe light brown woollen cloth, made extremely ſhort-waiſted, and full of high and thick plaits over the hips, the ſleeves are rather large, and turned up with ſome gaudy coloured ſilk; upon the ſhoulders are ſewed ſeveral pieces of worſted livery lace, which ſeem to go quite under their arms, in the ſame manner as is ſometimes put to children to ſtrengthen their leading-ſtrings; upon the whole, however, the dreſs is becoming, and the very long petticoat, and full plaits, have a graceful appearance.

At *Lyons* I ſaw a *Maconoiſe* girl of faſhion, or fortune, in this dreſs; her lace was fine, her gown ſilk, and her ſhoulder-ſtraps of ſilver; and, as her head had much more of the *bon goût* than the *bon tôn*, I thought her the moſt inviting object I had ſeen in that

that city, my delicate landlady at *Niſmes* always excepted. I think France cannot produce ſuch another woman *for beauty* as *Madame Seigny*.

I bought a large quantity of the *Macon* lace, at about eight-pence Engliſh a yard, which, at a little diſtance, cannot eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from fine old *pointe*.

Between *St. George* and *Macon*, at a time we wanted our breakfaſt, we came to a ſpot where two high roads croſs each other, and found there a little *cabbin*, not unlike the Iron Houſe, as to whim; but this was built, ſides, top, and bottom, with ſawed boards; and as a little bit of a board hung out at the door informed us they ſold wine, I went in, and aſked the miſtreſs permiſſion to boil my tea-kettle, and to be permitted to eat our breakfaſt in her pretty *cabbin?* The woman was knitting; ſhe laid down her work, roſe up, and with the eaſe and addreſs of a woman of the firſt faſhion,

ſaid we did her honour, that her houſe, ſuch as it was, and every thing in it, were at our ſervice; ſhe then ſent a girl to a farmer's, hard by, for milk, and to a village a quarter of a league diſtant, for hot bread; and while we breakfaſted, her converſation and good breeding made up a principal part of the *repas*; ſhe had my horſe tôo brought to the back part of her *cabbin*, where he was well fed from a portable manger. I bought of her two bottles of white wine, not much inferior to, and much wholeſomer than, Champaigne, and ſhe charged me for the whole, milk, bread, fire, *converſation*, and wine, thirty-ſix *ſols*, about ſeventeen pence Engliſh! Though this gentlewoman, for ſo I muſt call her, and ſo I believe ſhe is, lived in ſuch a ſmall hut, ſhe ſeemed to be in good circumſtances, and had *liqueurs*, tea, and a great variety of *bon choſe* to ſell. This was the only public houſe, (if it may be called by that name,) during my whole journey *out* and *in*, where I found perfect civility;

civility; not that the publicans in general have not civility *in their poſſeſſion*, but they will not, either from pride or *deſign*, *produce it*, particularly to ſtrangers. My *wooden-houſe landlady*, indeed, was a prodigy; and it muſt be confeſſed, that no woman of the lower order in England, nor even of the middling claſs, have any ſhare of that eaſe and urbanity which is ſo common among the lower order of the *people* of this kingdom: but the woman I now ſpeak of, had not, you will perceive, the leaſt deſign even upon my purſe; I made no previous agreement with her for my good fare, and ſhe ſcorned to take any advantage of my confidence; and I ſhewed my ſenſe of it, by giving her little maid eight times more than ſhe ever received for ſuch ſervices before—an Engliſh ſhilling.

Let not this ſingle, and ſingular woman, however, induce you to truſt to the confidence of a French *aubergiſte*, eſpecially a *female*; you may as well truſt to the con-

ſcience of an itinerant Jew. Frenchmen are ſo aware of this, that I have heard a traveller, on a *maigre* day, make his bargain for his *aumlet*, and the number of eggs to be put in it, with an exactneſs ſcarce to be imagined; and yet the upſhot was only two pence Engliſh.

The eaſy manner in which a French officer, or gentleman, can traverſe this mighty kingdom, either for pleaſure or buſineſs, is extremely agreeable, and worthy of imitation among young Britiſh officers.—In England, if an Enſign of foot is going a journey, he muſt have two horſes, and a groom, though he has nothing but a regimental ſuit of cloaths, and half a dozen ſhirts to carry; his horſes too muſt *ſet both ends well*, becauſe he is a *Captain* upon the road! and he travels at about five times the expence of his pay.

The French officer buys a little *biddet*, puts his ſhirts and beſt regimental coat into a little

a little *portmantéau*, buckles that behind his ſaddle, and with his ſword by his ſide, and his *croix* at his button-hole, travels at the expence of about three ſhillings a day, and often leſs, through a kingdom where every order of people ſhew him attention, and give him precedence.

I bluſh, when I recollect that I have *rode* the riſque of being wet to the ſkin, becauſe I would not *diſgrace my ſaddle*, no load my back with a great coat; for I have *formerly*, as well as *latterly*, travelled without a ſervant.

I have a letter now before me, which I received a few days ago from a French Captain of foot, who ſays *ſur le champ j'ay fait ſeller ma petite Roſſinante (car vous ſcavez que j'ay acheté un petit cheval de* 90 *livres ſellé et bridé) et me voila a Epernay chez Monſieur Lochet*, &c. This gentleman's whole pay does not amount to more than ſixty pounds a year, yet he has always

ways five guineas in his pocket, and every convenience, and ſome luxuries about him; he aſſiſts now and then an extravagant brother, appears always well dreſſed; and laſt year I bought him a ticket in the Britiſh lottery: he did not conſider that he employed an unfortunate man to buy it, and I *forgot* to remind him of it.

After ſaying thus much of a virtuous young man (*tho' a Frenchman*) there will be no harm in telling you his name is *Lalieu*, a Captain in the regiment *du Maine*.—Before I took my laſt leave of him, talking together of the horrors of war, I aſked him what he would do if he were to ſee me *vis-a-vis* in an hoſtile manner? He embraced me, and ſaid, "turn the but "end of my fuſée towards you, my "friend." I thank God that neither his *but-end*, nor my *muzzle* can ever meet in that manner, and I ſhall be happy to meet him in any other.

P. S.

P. S. I omitted to ſay, that the *Maconoiſe* female peaſants wear black hats, in the form of the Engliſh ſtraw or chip hats; and when they are tied on, under the chin, it gives them, with the addition of their round-eared laced cap, a decent, modeſt appearance, which puts out of countenance all the borrowed plumage, dead hair, black wool, lead, greaſe, and yellow powder, which is now in motion between *Edinburgh* and *Paris*.

It is a pity that pretty women, at leaſt, do not know, that the ſimplicity of a Quaker's head-dreſs, is ſuperior to all that art can contrive: and thoſe who remember the elegant *Miſs Fido*, a woman of that perſuaſion, will ſubſcribe to the truth of my aſſertion. And it is ſtill a greater pity, that plain women do not know, that the more they adorn and *artify* their heads, the more conſpicuous they make their natural defects.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

AT *Challons ſur la Soane*, (for there is another town of the ſame name in *Champaigne*) I had the *honor* of a viſit from *Monſ. le Baron Shortall*, a gentleman of an ancient family, *rather in diſtreſs at this time*, by being *kept out* of ſix and thirty thouſand a year, his legal property in Ireland; but as the Baron made his viſit *alamode de capuchin Friar*, without knocking, and when only the female part of my family were in the apartment, he was diſmiſſed *rather abruptly* for a man of *his high rank* and *great fortune in expectation*. This diſmiſſion, however, did not diſmay him; he rallied again, with the reinforcement of *Madame la Baroneſs*, daughter, as he poſitively affirmed, of *Monſ. le Prince de Monaco*; but as I had forbad his being *ſhewn up*, he deſired me to *come down*, a ſummons curioſity

ſity induced me to obey. Never, ſurely, were two people *of faſhion* in a more pitiable plight! he was in a *ruſſet brown black* ſuit of cloaths; Madame *la Baroneſs* in much the ſame colour, wrapt up in a tattered black ſilk capuchin; and I knew not which to admire moſt, their folly or their impudence; for ſurely never did an *adventurer* ſet out with leſs *capabilities* about him; his whole ſtory was ſo flagrant a fib, that in ſpite of the *very reſpectable certificates of My Lord Mayor, John Wilkes, and Mr. Alderman Bull,* I was obliged to tell him plainly, that I did not believe him to be a gentleman, nor his wife to be a relation of the Prince of *Monaco*. All this he took in good part, and then aſſured me they were both very hungry, and without meat or money; I therefore ordered a dinner at twenty *ſols* a head; and, as I ſat by while they eat it, I had reaſon to believe that he told me *one plain truth*, for in truth they eat as if they had never eaten before. After dinner the Baron did me the honour

to

to conſult with me *how* he ſhould get down to *Lyons?* I recommended to him to *proceed by water:*—but, ſaid he, my dear Sir, I have no money;—an evil I did not chuſe to redreſs; and, after ſeveral unſucceſsful attempts at my purſe, and ſome at my perſon,—he whiſpered me that even ſix livres would be acceptable; but I held out, and got off, by propoſing that the Baroneſs ſhould write a letter to the Prince her father, to whom I had the honour to be known, and that I would carry him the letter, and enforce their prayer, by making it my own. This meaſure ſhe inſtantly complied with, and addreſſed her father *adorable Prince*; but concluded it with a name which could not belong to her either as maid, wife, or widow. I remarked this to the *Baron*, who acknowledged at once *the miſtake*, ſaid ſhe had ſigned a falſe name, and ſhe ſhould write it over again; but when I obſerved to him that, as the Prince knew the hand-writing of his *own* dear child, and as the name of women is *often*

varying

varying by marriage, or *miſcarriage*, it was all one: to this he agreed; and I brought off the letter, and my purſe too, for forty *ſols*; yet there was ſo much falſhoud, folly, and ſimplicity in this *ſimple pair of adventurers*, that I ſorely repented I did not give them their paſſage in the *coche d'eau* to *Lyons*; for he could not ſpeak a word of French, nor *Madame la Baroneſs* a word of Engliſh; and the only *inſignia* of diſtinction between them, was, a vaſt clumſy braſs-hilted ſword which the Baron, inſtead of wearing at his ſide, held up at his noſe, like a Phyſician's gold-headed cane. —When I took my leave of this *Sir James Shortall*, (for he owned *at laſt* he was *only a Baronet*) he promiſed to meet me *next time* dreſſed in his blue and ſilver.

I verily believe my Iriſh *adventurer* at *Perpignan*, is a gentleman, and therefore I relieved him; I am thoroughly perſuaded my *Challons* adventurer is not, yet perhaps he was a real object of charity, and his true

tale

tale would have produced him better ſucceſs than his *borrowed ſtory*. *Sir James* was about ſixty, *Lady Shortall* about fifty. —*Sir James* too had a pretty large property in America, and would have viſited his eſtates on that continent, had I not informed him with the preſent unhappy differences now ſubſiſting between that and the mother country, of which he had not heard a ſingle ſyllable.

After having ſaid thus much, I think I muſt treat you with a copy of *Lady Shortall*'s letter, a name very applicable to their unhappy ſituation, for they did indeed ſeem ſhort of every thing;—ſo here it is, *verbatim et literatim:*

" *Monſieur Thickneſs gentilhomme anglaiſe*

" Adorable preince de monaco que tout
" mordonne démé, liſé au de fus de cette
" lette le non deun digne homme qui me
" randu fer viſſe, je ſuis malade, le con-
" vant; ſerois préférable á mon bouneur
" je

" je veux ſepandant ſauvé mon marij mais
" je me meure tre ſevé mon derinier
" ſoupire, je ne le doit qua vous.

" JULIE BARONNE DE CHATTERRE.

" *le* 18 *may* 1776."

" *A ſont alteſſ ele preince de Monaco, dans ſont*
" *hautelle rue de Vareinne á Paris.*"

LETTER XLIX.

FROM *Challons* to *Bonne*, is five leagues. *Bonne* is a good town, well walled-in, pleaſantly ſituated, and remarkable for an excellent and well-conducted Hoſpital, where the poor ſick are received *gratis*, without diſtinction, and where the rich ſick are accommodated with nurſes, phyſicians, medicines, food, and lodging, with every aſſiſtance that can be wanted, for four livres a day. The apartments in which the poor are received, are ſo perfectly clean and ſweet, that they are fit for people of any condition; but thoſe provided for the better ſort, are indeed ſumptuouſly furniſhed. The women, who act as nurſes, are of a religious order, and wear a particular, decent, and uniform habit, to which their modeſt deportment exactly coincides; yet moſt of them are young, and many of them very beautiful.

Between

Between theſe two towns, we met an Engliſh ſervant, in a rich laced livery, conducting, behind a poſt-chaiſe, a large quantity of baggage; and ſoon after, a ſecond ſervant, in the ſame uniform; this excited our curioſity, and we impatiently proceeded, in hopes of meeting the equipage, which it was natural to expect would ſoon follow; inſtead of which, it was an old Engliſh four-wheel chaiſe, the *contents* of which were buckled cloſe up behind a pair of dirty leather curtains; and on the coach-box ſat, by the ſide of the driver, a man who had the appearance of an Engliſh farmer. This contraſt rather increaſed than leſſened our curioſity; and, therefore, at *Bonné*, I made ſome inquiry about them of the poſt-maſter; who told me they came in, and ſet off, ſeparately, juſt as I had met them; but that one ſervant paid for the horſes to all the carriages, and that the woman *behind the curtain, according to cuſtom, did not chuſe to ſhew herſelf.* Juſt as I was

retirning with this blind account, an Engliſh ſervant, who I had not perceived, but who ſtood near, told me, he was ſure *as how* it was either the *Ducheſs* of *Kingſton* or *Mrs. Rudd*, for that he *ſeed* her very plain. I was much ſurpriſed at finding an Engliſhman ſo near me; and the ſingularity of the man's obſervation had a very forcible effect upon me. When the mirth which it unavoidably occaſioned, was a little ſubſided, I could not help correcting, in gentle terms, (though I was otherwiſe glad to ſee even an Engliſh footman ſo far from *Engliſh land*) a man in his ſtation, for ſpeaking of people of high rank with ſo much indecent levity, and then told him, that there was no ſuch perſon living as the *Ducheſs* of *Kingſton*, but that it was probable the Lady he thought he had ſeen might be *Lady Briſtol*; that there was not, however, the leaſt reſemblance between the perſon of her Ladyſhip, and the other Lady he had mentioned, the latter being young, thin, and rather handſome; whereas

Lady

Lady Briſtol was very fat, and advanced in years; I therefore ſuſpected, I told him, that he had confounded the trials of thoſe two Ladies, and fancied he ſaw a likeneſs in their perſons, by an aſſociation of ideas; but in reality, there was as much difference in their crimes as in their perſons. *Crimes!* did I ſay? that is an improper expreſſion, becauſe I am informed *Mrs. Rudd* has been acquitted; but that, if the foreign papers might be relied on, *Lady Briſtol* had been found guilty of BIGAMY: but as he ſeemed not to underſtand what I meant by *Bigamy*, or the *aſſociation of ideas*, I was unavoidably led into a converſation, and explanation, with this young man; which nothing but my pride, and his ignorance, could juſtify; but as the fellow was overjoyed to ſee me, I could not help giving him ſomething to drink, and with it a caution never to ſpeak of people of high rank and condition, even behind their backs, but under their proper names or titles, and with decency and reſpect: he then begged my pardon, and

aſſured me, if he had known that either of the Ladies had been a friend of mine, he would not have coupled them ſo improperly together; and I am thoroughly convinced, the man left me with a reſolution, never to hazard a conjecture without a better foundation than that he ſtarted to me, and which I rather believe he hit off *extempore*, to ſpeak to me, and ſhew himſelf my countryman, than from really ſuſpecting that the woman behind the curtain was either *Lady Briſtol*, or *Mrs. Rudd*; though I was inclined to think it very probable, for I had ſeen *Lord Briſtol* on his way through *Lyons* from *Italy* to *England*, and had been informed, *Lady Briſtol* was then on her road to *Italy*; in which caſe, I, like the footman, had my conjectures, and accounted for the leather curtains being ſo *cloſely buckled to*.

Theſe are trifling remarks, you will ſay; but if a ſign-painter can paint only a bear, thoſe who employ him muſt have a bear for

for their ſign; nevertheleſs, we have all a certain curioſity to know even the moſt trifling actions, or movements, of people who, by their virtues or vices, eſpecially if they are people of rank or condition, have occaſioned much talk in the world; and therefore, ridiculous as this incident is, yet as we have long known one of the Ladies, and often *admired* both, I could not let either one or the other paſs me unnoticed, on a road too, where even an Engliſh Ducheſs (if ſhe would own the truth) would feel a ſecret delight in meeting of a Hyde-park-corner groom.

I have already mentioned what partiality and degree of notice, countrymen take of each other when they meet far from home. That notice is always in proportion to the diſtance. Had my *Bonne* footman ſpoke of *Lady Briſtol*, or *Mrs. Rudd*, in ſuch free terms as *how he ſeed 'em*, &c. &c. at Hyde-park-corner, or in Tyburn-road, I ſhould have knocked him down with the but end

of my whip; but at *Bonne* (five hundred miles from either of thoſe places) he and I were *quatre couſins*; and I could not help treating him with a bottle of *vin de païs*.

LETTER

LETTER L.

FROM *Bonne* we intended to have taken the high road to *Dijon*; but being informed that there was another, though not much frequented, by way of *Autun*, and that *that* town, which was a Roman colony, ſtill contained many curious monuments worthy of notice, we purſued the latter, which twiſted in between a vaſt variety of ſmall, but fertile valleys, watered with brooks, bounded by romantic hills, and ſome high mountains, moſt of which were covered with vines, which *did* produce the moſt delicious red wine in the world; I ſay *did produce*, for the high *goût* and flavour of the Burgundy grape has for many years failed, and perhaps ſo as never to return again. We, however, miſſed the the road to *Autun*, and, after four leagues' journey through a moſt delightful country,

we

we arrived at a miſerable auberge in a dirty village called *Yozy*, which ſtands upon the margin of a large foreſt, in which, ſome years ſince, the *diligence* from *Lyons* to *Paris* was attacked by a banditti, and the whole party of travellers were murdered: ever ſince that fatal day, a guard of the *Maréchauſſée* always eſcort the *diligence* through this deep and dreadful foreſt, (ſo they called it), and we were perſuaded it was right to take a couple of the *Maréchauſſée*, and did ſo; but as we found the foreſt by no means ſo long, deep, or dreadful, as it had been repreſented, we ſuſpected that the advice given us, was more for the ſake of the men who *guarded us*, than from any regard *to us*, two men could have made no great reſiſtance againſt a banditti; and a ſingle man would hardly have meddled with us.

The next day we paſſed thro' *Arnay-le-Duc*, a pretty country village, three leagues from *Yozy*, and it being their annual fair-day, we had an opportunity of ſeeing all the peaſantry

peaſantry, dreſſed in their beſt, and much chearfulneſs, not only in the town, but upon the road, before we arrived, and after we paſſed it. Among the reſt of the company, were a bear and a monkey, or rather what *Buffon* calls the *maggot*. I deſired the ſhew-man to permit my *maggot*, as he was the leaſt, the youngeſt, and the *ſtranger*, to pay a viſit to *Monſ. Maggot*, the elder, who embraced the *young gentleman* in a manner which aſtoniſhed and delighted every body, myſelf only excepted; but as *my young gentleman* ſeemed totally indifferent about the *old one*, I ſuſpected he had *really met his father*, and I could not help moralizing a little.

From *Arnay-le-Duc* we paſſed through *Maupas*, *Salou*, *Rouvray*, *Quiſſe la forge*, and *Vermanton* to *Auxerre*, the town where the French nobleman *was ſaid* to live, whom Dr. *Smollett* treated ſo very roughly, and who, in return, was ſo *polite* as to *help to tie* the Doctor's baggage behind his coach!

About

About a quarter of a mile without this town, ſtands a royal convent, richly endowed, and delightfully ſituated; the walls of which take in near twenty acres of land, well planted, on the banks of a river; and here I left my two daughters, to perfect themſelves in the French language, as there was not one perſon within the convent, nor, that I could find, within the town, who could ſpeak a word of Engliſh. And here I muſt not omit to tell you, how much I was overcome with the generoſity of this virtuous, and I muſt add amiable, ſociety of *religieux*. Upon my firſt inquiry about their price for board, lodging, waſhing, cloaths, and in ſhort, every thing the children did, or might want, they required a ſum much beyond the limits of my ſcanty income to give; but before we left them, they became acquainted with *ſome circumſtances*, which induced them to expreſs their concern that the price I had offered (not half what they had demanded) could

not

not be taken. We therefore retired, and had almoſt fixed the children in a cheaper convent, but much inferior, in all reſpects, within the town, when we received a polite letter from the Lady Abbeſs, to ſay, that after conſulting with her ſiſterhood, they had come to a reſolution to take the children at our *own* price, rather than not ſhew how much they wiſhed to oblige us. Upon this occaſion, we were *all* admitted within the walls of the convent; and I had the pleaſure of ſeeing my two daughters joined to an elegant troop of about forty genteel children, and of leaving them under the care of the ſame number of *religieux*. And yet theſe good people knew thing of us, but what we ourſelves communicated to them, not being known, nor knowing any perſon in the town.——The Lady-Abbeſs of this convent is a woman of high rank, about twenty-four years of age, and poſſeſſes as large a ſhare of beauty as any reaſonable woman, even on the *outſide* of a convent, could wiſh for.

Auxerre

Auxerre is a good town, pleaſantly ſituated, and in a plentiful and cheap country.

From *Auxerre* to *Joyinex* is five leagues. The *Petit bel Vûe* on the banks of the river is very pleaſantly ſituated, but a dreadful one within ſide, in every reſpect, being a mixture of dirt, ignorance, and impoſition; but it is the only inn for travellers, and therefore travellers ſhould avoid it. In order to put my old hoſteſs in good humour, I called early for a bottle of Champaigne; and in order to put me into a bad humour, ſhe charged me the next day for two; but I *charged her* with *Monſ. Le Connétable,* who behaved like a gentleman, though I think he was only a *marchand de tonneau:* but then he was a *wine,* not *beer* cooper, who hooped the old Lady's barrel.

Where-ever I was ill-uſed or impoſed upon, I always ſent a pretty heavy packet by the poſt, after I had run down a hundred

dred miles or two, by way of *draw-back*, upon my hoſt, and recompence to the King's high road; for in France,

" *Like the Quakers' by-way,*
" *'Tis plain without turnpikes, ſo*
" *nothing to pay.*"

An old witch, who had half ſtarved us at *Montpellier*, for want of proviſions, when we went, and for want of fire to dry us, when we came back, left a piece of candle in my budget, which I did not omit to return by the poſt, *well packed up*, leſt it ſhould greaſe other packets of more importance, by riding an hundred leagues; beſides this, it was accompanied by a very civil *letter of advice*, under another cover.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

THE next town of any note is *Sens*, a large, *ragged*, ancient city; but adorned with a moſt noble Gothic cathedral, more magnificent than even that of *Rheims*, and well worthy of the notice of ſtrangers; it is ſaid to have been built by the Engliſh: With the relicks and *cuſtodiums* of the hoſt, are ſhewn the ſacerdotal habits, in which Archbiſhop *Becket* (who reſided there many years) ſaid maſs, for it was his head-quarters, when he *left* Britain, as well as *Julius Cæſar*'s, before he went there. The ſilver haſps, and ſome of the ornaments of theſe garments, are ſtill perfect, though it has undergone ſo many darnings, as to be little elſe.

Becket was a very tall man; for though it has many tucks in it, yet it is generally too

too long for the talleſt prieſt in the town, who conſtantly ſays maſs in it on *St. Thomas*'s day.

How times and men are changed! This town, which reſiſted the arms of *Cæſar* for a conſiderable time, was put in the utmoſt conſternation by *Dr. Smollett*'s cauſing his travelling blunderbuſs to be only fired in the air, a circumſtance "which greatly terrified "all the *petit monde!*" It is very ſingular, that the Doctor ſhould have frightened a French nobleman of *Burgundy*, by ſhaking his cane at him, and even made him aſſiſt in the moſt ſervile offices; and in the next town, terrify all the common people, by only firing a blunderbuſs in the air!

I would not willingly arraign a dead man with telling two fibbs ſo cloſe upon the back of each other; but I am ſure there was but that ſingle French nobleman, in this mighty kingdom, who would have ſubmitted to ſuch inſults as the Doctor *ſays*

he treated him with; nor any other town, but *Sens*, where the firing of a gun would have ſo terrified the inhabitants; for, drums, guns, and noiſe of every ſort, ſeem to afford the common French people infinite pleaſure.

I ſpent in this town a day or two, and part of that time with a very agreeable Scotch family, of the name of *Macdonald*, where Lieutenant Colonel *Stuart* was then upon a viſit.

I have ſome reaſon to think that *Sens* is a very cheap town. Several Engliſh, Scotch, and Iriſh families reſide in it.

From *Sens* to *Port ſur Yonne* is three leagues; and from *Yonne* to *Fouſſart* the ſame diſtance.

At the Three Kings at *Fouſſart*, ſuſpecting there was a cat behind the bed in wait for my bird, I found, inſtead thereof, a little

narrow

narrow door, which was artfully hid, and which opened into another room; and as I am ſure the man is a cheat, I ſuſpect too, that upon a *good occaſion*, he would have made ſome *uſe* of his little door.

Fouſſart is a ſmall place, conſiſting only of three or four public houſes. From thence to *Morret*, is three leagues, on which road is erected a noble pillar of oriental marble, in memory of the marriage of *Lewis* the XVth. Soon after we paſſed this monument, we entered into the delightful foreſt of *Fontainbleau*; and paſſing three leagues to the center of it, we arrived at that ancient royal palace: it ſtands very low, and is ſurrounded by a great many fine pieces of water, which, however, render the apartments very damp. The King and royal family had been there ſix weeks, and were gone but ten days, and with them, all the furniture of the palace was alſo gone, except glaſſes, and a few pictures, of no great value. In a long gallery

 are

are placed, on each ſide of the wall, a great number of ſtags' heads, carved in wood, and upon them are fixed the horns of ſtags and bucks, killed by the late, and former Kings; ſome of which are very *outré*, others ſingularly large and beautiful.

Fontainbleau is a good town, ſtands adjacent to the palace; and as the gardens, park, &c. are always open, it is a delightful ſummer reſidence. We ſtaid a few days there, to enjoy the ſhady walks, and to ſee the humours of a great annual fair, which commenced the day after we arrived. All ſorts of things are ſold at this fair; but the principal buſineſs is done in the *wine way*, many thouſand pieces of the inferior Burgundy wine being brought to this market.

We made two little days' journey from *Fontainbleau* to *Paris*, a town I entered with concern, and ſhall leave with pleaſure.—— As I had formerly been of ſome ſervice to *Faucaut*, who keeps the *Hotel d'York*, when

when he lived in *Rue de Mauvais Garçon*, I went to this *famous Hotel*, which would have been more in character, if he had given it the name of his former ſtreet, and called it *l'Hotel de Mauvais Garçon*, for it is an hoſpital, of bugs and vermin: the fellow has got the ſecond-hand beds of *Madame Pompadour*, upon his firſt floor, which he *modeſtly* aſks thirty *louis d'ors* a month for! All the reſt of the apartments are pidgeen-holes, filled with fleas, bugs, and dirt; and ſhould a fire happen, there is no way of eſcaping. Nothing ſhould be more particularly attended to in *Paris* than the ſecurity from fire, where ſo many, and ſuch a variety of ſtrangers, and their ſervants, are ſhut up at night, within one *Porte Cochere*,

LETTER LII.

PARIS.

I Found no great alteration in *Paris*, after ten years' abſence from it, than the prodigious difference of expence; moſt articles, I think, are one-third dearer, and many double; a horſe is not half ſo well fed or lodged at *Paris* as at *London*; but the expence is nearly a guinea a week, and a ſtranger may drive half round the city before he can lodge himſelf and his horſes under the ſame roof.*

The beauties, the pleaſures, and variety of amuſements, which this city abounds with,

* *Paul Gilladeau*, who lately left the Silver Lion, at *Calais*, has, I am informed, opened a Livery Stable at *Paris*, upon the *London* plan, in partnerſhip with *Deſſein*, of the *Hotel d'Angleterre* at *Calais*: a convenience much wanted, and undertaken by a man very likely to ſucceed.

with, are, without doubt, the magnets which attract ſo many people of rank and fortune of all nations to it; all which are too well known to be pointed out by me. —To a perſon of great fortune in the *hey-day* of life, *Paris* may be preferable even to *London*; but to one of my age and walk in life, it is, and was ten years ago, the leaſt agreeable place I have ſeen in France.— Walking the ſtreets is extremely dangerous, riding in them very expenſive; and when thoſe things which are worthy to be ſeen, (and much there is very worthy) have been ſeen, the city of *Paris* becomes a melancholy reſidence for a ſtranger, who neither plays at cards, dice, or deals in the principal manufacture of the city; i. e. *ready-made love*, a buſineſs which is carried on with great ſucceſs, and with more decency, I think, than even in *London*. The Engliſh Ladies are *weak* enough to attach themſelves to, and to love, *one* man. The gay part of the French women love none, but receive all, *pour paſſer le tems*.—The

Engliſh, unlike the *Pariſian* Ladies, take pains to diſcover *who* they love; the French women to diſſemble with thoſe they hate.

It is extremely difficult for even ſtrangers of rank or fortune, to get among the firſt people, ſo as to be admitted to their ſuppers; and without that, it is impoſſible to have any idea of the luxury and ſtile in which they live: quantity, variety, and ſhow are more attended to in France, than neatneſs. It is in England alone, where tables are ſerved with real and uniform elegance; but the appetite meets with more provocatives in France; and the French *cuiſine* in that reſpect, certainly has the ſuperiority.

Ten years ago I had the honour to be admitted often to the table of a Lady of the firſt rank. On *St. Ann's-day*, (that being her name-day) ſhe received the viſits of her friends, who all brought either a valuable preſent, a poeſy, or a compliment in verſe: when the deſert came upon the table

table, which was very magnificent, the middle plate ſeemed to be the fineſt and faireſt fruit, *(peaches)* and I was much ſurpriſed, that none of the Ladies were helped by the gentlemen from *that* plate: but my ſurprize was ſoon turned into aſtoniſhment! for the peaches ſuddenly burſt forth, and played up the Saint's name, (*St. Ann*) in artificial fire-works! and many pretty devices of the ſame kind, were whirled off, from behind the coaches of her viſitors, to which they were fixed, as the company left the houſe, which had a pretty effect, and was no indelicate way of *taking a French leave.*

There is certainly among the French people of faſhion an eaſe and good-breeding, which is very captivating, and not eaſily obtained, but by being bred up with them, from an early age; the whole body muſt be formed for it, as in dancing, while there is the pliability of youth; and where there is, as in France, a conſtant, early

early, and intimate correſpondence between the two ſexes. Men would be fierce and ſavage, were it not for the ſociety of the other ſex, as may be ſeen among the Turks and Moors, who muſt not viſit their own wives, when other men's wives are with them. In France, the Lady's bed-chamber is always open, and ſhe receives viſits in bed, or up, with perfect eaſe. A noble Lord, late embaſſador to this country, told me, that when he viſited a young and beautiful woman of faſhion, (I think too it was a firſt viſit after marriage) ſhe received him ſitting up in her bed; and before he went, her *fille de chambre* brought his Lordſhip *Madame le Comteſſe*'s ſhift, elegantly feſtooned, which his Lordſhip had the honour to put over the Lady's head, as ſhe ſat in bed!—nor was there, by that favour, the leaſt indecency meant; it was a compliment intended; and, as ſuch only, received. Marks of favour of *that* ſort, are not marks of *further favours* from a French Lady.

In

In this vaſt city of amuſements, among the *other arts*, I cannot help pointing out to your particular notice, *Richlieu*'s monument in the *Sorbonne*, as an inimitable piece of modern ſculpture* by *Girrardeau*; and *Madame Valere*'s full-length portrait by *Le Brun*: She was, you know, miſtreſs to *Lewis* the XIVth, but retired to the convent, in which the picture now is, and where ſhe lived in repentance and ſorrow above thirty years.†

The *connoiſſeurs* ſurely can find no reaſonable fault with the monumental artiſt; but they do, I think, with *Le Brun*; the drapery, they ſay, is too full, and that ſhe is overcharged with garments; but fullneſs of

* VOLTAIRE ſays, this monument is not ſufficiently noticed by ſtrangers.

† MADAME VALERE, during her retirement, being told of the death of one of her ſons, replied, "I ſhould rather "grieve for his birth, than his death."

of dreſs, adds not only dignity, but decency, to the perſon of a fine woman, who meant (or the painter for her) to hide, not to expoſe her charms.

If fullneſs be a fault, it is a fault that *Gainſborough*, *Hoare*, *Pine*, *Reynolds*, and many other of our firſt modern geniuſes are *guilty of*; and if it be *a ſin*, the beſt judges will acquit them for committing it, where dignity is to be conſidered.

Madame Valere appears to have been ſcattering about her jewels, is tearing her hair, crying, and looking up to the heavens, which ſeem burſting forth a tempeſt over her head. The picture is well imagined, and finely executed.

I found upon the bulk of a *portable ſhop* in *Paris*, a moſt excellent engraving from this picture,* and which carried me directly to viſit the original; it is indeed ſtained

* In the poſſeſſion of Mr. GAINSBOROUGH.

ſtained and dirty, but it is infinitely ſuperior to a later engraving which now hangs up at all the print ſhops, and I ſuppoſe is from the firſt plate, which was done ſoon after the picture was finiſhed. Under it are written the following ingenious, tho', I fear, rather impious lines:

Magdala dum gemmas, bacciſque monile coruſcum
Projicit, ac formæ detrahit arma ſuæ:
Dum vultum lacrymis et lumina turbat; amoris
Mirare inſidias! haccapit arte Deum.

Shall I attempt to unfold this writer's meaning? Yes, I will, that my friend at *Oxford* may laugh, and do it as it ought to be done.

I.

The pearls and gems, her beauty's arms,
See ſad VALERE foregoes;
And now aſſumes far other charms
Superior ſtill to thoſe.

II.

The tears that flow adown her cheek,
Than gems are brighter things;
For theſe an earthly Monarch ſeek,
But thoſe the KING of Kings.

This

This ſeems to have been the author's thought, if he thought *chaſtely*.—Shall I try again?

The pearls and gems her beauty's arms,
See ſad VALERE foregoes:
Yet ſtill thoſe tears have other charms,
Superior far to thoſe:
With thoſe ſhe gained an earthly Monarch's love:
With theſe ſhe wins the KING of Kings above.

Yet, after all, I do ſuſpect, that the author meant more than even *to ſneer* a little at *poor Madame Valere*; but, as I diſlike common-place poetry, (and poetry, as you ſee, diſlikes *me*) I will endeavour to give you the literal meaning, according to my conception, and then you will ſee whether our *joint wits* jump together.

While MAGDALENE throws by her bracelets, adorned with gems and pearls, and (thus) diſarms her beauty: while tears confound her countenance and eyes,
With wonder mark the ſtratagems of love,
With this ſhe captivates the GOD above.

The

The impious inſinuation of the Latin lines, is the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why they were omitted under the more modern impreſſion of this fine print, and very middling French poetry ſuperceding them.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

PARIS.

IF you no dot uſe *Herreis'* bills, I recommend to you at *Paris*, a French, rather than an Engliſh banker; I have found the former more profitable, and moſt convenient. I had, ten years ſince, a letter of credit on *Sir John Lambert*, for £300, from *Meſſ. Hoares*. The *Knight* thought proper, however, to refuſe the payment of a twenty pound draft I gave upon him; though I had not drawn more than half my credit out of his hands. *Monſ. Mary*, on whom I had a draft from the ſame reſpectable houſe, this year, will not do *ſuch things*; but, on the contrary, be ready to ſerve and oblige ſtrangers, to the utmoſt of his power: he ſpeaks and writes Engliſh very well, and will prove an agreeable and uſeful acquaintance to a ſtranger in

Paris.

Paris. His ſiſter too, who lives with him, will be no leſs ſo to the female part of your family. His houſe is in *Rue Saint Sauveur*.

The Engliſh bankers pay in ſilver, and it is neceſſary to take a wheel-barrow with you to bring it away: a ſmall bag will do at the French bankers'.

There is as much difference between the bankers of *London* and bankers in *Paris*, as between a rotten apple and a ſound one. You can hardly get a word from a London banker, but you are ſure of getting your money; in *Paris*, you will get *words* enough, and civil ones too. Remember, however, I am ſpeaking only of the treatment I have experienced. There may be, and are, no doubt, Engliſh bankers at *Paris* of great worth, and reſpectable characters.

It is not reckoned very decent to frequent coffee-houſes at *Paris*; but the politeneſs of *Monſieur* and *Madame Felix*, *au caffé de*

Conti, oppoſite the *Pont neuf*, and the Engliſh news-papers, render their houſe a pleaſant circumſtance to me; and it is by much the beſt, and beſt ſituated, of any in *Paris*, *au vois le monde*.

I am aſtoniſhed, that where ſuch an infinite number of people live in ſo ſmall a compaſs, (for *Paris* is by no means ſo large as *London*) that they ſhould ſuffer the dead to be buried in the manner they do, or within the city. There are ſeveral burial pits in *Paris*, of a prodigious ſize and depth, in which the dead bodies are laid, ſide by ſide, without any earth being put over them till the ground tier is full; then, and not till then! a ſmall layer of earth covers them, and another layer of dead comes on, till by layer upon layer, and dead upon dead, the hole is filled with a maſs of human corruption, enough to breed a plague; theſe places are encloſed, it is true, within high walls; but nevertheleſs, the air cannot be *improved* by it; and the idea of ſuch an aſſemblage of

putrifying

putrifying bodies, in one grave, ſo thinly covered, is very diſagreeable. The burials in churches too, often prove fatal to the prieſts and people who attend; but every body, and every thing in *Paris*, is ſo much alive, that not a ſoul thinks about the dead.

I wiſh I had been born a Frenchman.—Frenchmen live as if they were never to die. Engliſhmen die all *their lives*; and yet, as *Lewis* the XIVth ſaid, "I don't think "it is ſo difficult a matter to die, as men "generally imagine, when they try in ear-"neſt." I am ſure there is one great conſolation in death, *i. e.* getting rid of an infinite number of raſcals by God's *coup de main*.

I muſt tell you before I leave *Paris*, that I ſtept over to *Marli*, to ſee the Queen; I had ſeen the King nine years ago; but he was not then a King over eight millions of people, and the fineſt country under the ſun; yet he does not ſeem to lay ſo much ſtreſs upon his mighty power as might be

expected from ſo young a prince, but appears grave and thoughtful. I am told he attends much to buſineſs, and endeavours to make his ſubjects happy. His reſolution to be inoculated, immediately after ſucceeding to ſuch a kingdom, is a proof of his having a great ſhare of fortitude. In England ſuch a determination would have been looked upon with indifference; but in France, where the bulk of the people do not believe that it ſecures the patient from a ſecond attack; where the clergy in general conſider it unfavourable, even in a religious light; and where the phyſical people, for want of practice, do not underſtand the management of the diſtemper, ſo as it is known in England; I may venture to ſay, without being charged with flattery, that it was an heroic reſolution: add to this, the King knowing, that if his ſubjects followed his example, it muſt be chiefly done by their own ſurgeons and phyſicians, ſo he put himſelf under their management alone, though I think *Sutton* was then at *Paris*.

The

The Queen is a fine figure, handſome, and very ſprightly, dreſſes in the preſent *goût* of head dreſs, and without a handkerchief, and thereby diſplays a moſt lovely neck.

I ſaw in a china ſhop at *Paris*, the figure of the King and Queen finely executed, and very like, in china: the King is playing on the harp, and the Queen dropping her work to liſten to the harmony. The two figures, about a foot high, were placed in an elegant apartment, and the *toute enſemble* was the prettieſt toy I ever beheld: the price thirty guineas.

I ſhall leave this town in a few days, and take the well-known and well-beaten *roût Anglois* for *Calais*, thro' *Chantilly*, *Amiens*, and *Boulogne*, and then I ſhall have twice croſſed this mighty kingdom.

LETTER LIV.

CALAIS.

I Am now returned to the point from whence I ſat out, and rather within the revolution of one year; which, upon the whole, though I met with many untoward circumſtances, has been the moſt intereſting and entertaining year of my whole life, and will afford me matter of reflection for the little which remains unfiniſhed of that journey we muſt all take ſooner or later, a journey from whence no traveller returns. —And having ſaid ſo much of myſelf, I am ſure you will be glad to change the ſubject from man to beaſt, eſpecially to ſuch a one as I have now to ſpeak of.

I told you, when I ſet out, that I had bought a handſome-looking Engliſh horſe for ſeven guineas, but a little touched in his

his wind; I can now inform you, that when I left this town, he was rather thin, and had a ſore back and ſhoulder; both which, by care and caution, were ſoon healed, and that he is returned fair and fat, and not a hair out of its place, though he drew two grown perſons, two children, (one of thirteen, the other ten years old) a very heavy French cabriolet, and all our baggage, nay, almoſt all my goods, chattels, and worldly property whatever, outward and homeward, except between *Cette* and *Barcelona, going*, and *Lyons* and this town *returning!* I will point out to you one of his day's work, by which you will be able to judge of his general power of working: At *Perpignan* I had, to ſave him, hired poſt-horſes to the firſt town in Spain, as I thought it might be too much for him to aſcend and deſcend the *Pyrenées* in one day; beſide ſixteen miles to the foot of them, on this ſide, and three to *Jonquire* on the other; but after the horſes were put to, the poſt-maſter required me to take

two men to *Boulou*, in order to hold the chaiſe, and to prevent its over-turning in croſſing the river near that village. Such a flagrant attempt to impoſe, determined me to take neither horſes nor men; and at ſeven o'clock I ſet off with *Callée* (that is my houyhnhnm's name) and arrived in three hours at *Boulou*, a paltry village, but in a ſituation fit for the palace of AUGUSTUS!

So far from wanting men from *Perpignan* to conduct my chaiſe over the river, the whole village were, upon our arrival, in motion after the JOB. We, however, paſſed it, without any aſſiſtance but our own weight to keep the wheels down, and the horſe's ſtrength and ſturdineſs, to drag us through it. In about three hours more we paſſed over the ſummit of this great chain of the univerſe; and in two more, arrived at *Jonquire:* near which village my horſe had a little bait of freſh mown hay, the firſt, and laſt, he eat in that kingdom. And when I tell you that this

faithful,

faithful, and (for a great part of my journey) only ſervant I had, never made a *faux paux*, never was ſo tired, but that upon a pinch, he could have gone a league or two farther; nor ever was ill, lame, phyſicked, or bled, ſince he was mine; you will agree, that either he is an uncommon good horſe, or that his maſter is a good groom! Indeed I will ſay that, however fatigued, wet, hungry, or droughty I was, I never partook of any refreſhment till my horſe had every comfort the inn could afford. I carried a wooden bowl to give him water, and never paſſed a brook without aſking him to drink. —And, as he has been my faithful ſervant, I am now his; for he lives under the ſame roof with me, and does nothing but eat, drink, and ſleep.—As he never ſees me, nor hears my voice, without taking ſome affectionate notice of me, I ventured to aſk him *tenderly*, whether he thought he ſhould be able to draw two of the ſame party next year to *Rome?* No tongue could more plainly expreſs his willingneſs! he

anſwered

anſwered me, *in French* indeed, *we-we-we-we-we*, ſaid he; ſo perhaps he might not be ſincere, tho' he never yet deceived me. If, however, he ſhould not go, or ſhould out-live me, which is very probable, my dying requeſt to you will be, to procure him a peaceful walk for the remainder of his days, within the park-walls of ſome humane private gentleman; though I flatter myſelf the following petition will ſave *you* that trouble, and *me* the concern of leaving him without that comfort which his faithful ſervices merit.

To SIR JAMES TYLNEY LONG, *Bart.*

A Faithful Servant's humble Petition,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner entered into the ſervice of his preſent maſter, at an advanced age, and at a time too, that he laboured under a pulmonic diſorder, deemed incurable; yet by gentle exerciſe, wholeſome food, and kind uſage, he has been enabled to accompany his maſter from *Calais* to *Artois*, *Cambray*, *Rheims*, *St. Dezier*, *Dijon*, *Challons*, *Macon*, *Lyons*, *Pont St. Eſprit*, *Pont du Guard*, *Niſmes*, *Montpellier*, *Cette*, *Narbonne*, *Perpignan*, the *Pyrenées*, *Barcelona*, *Montſerrat*, *Arles*, *Marſeilles*, *Toulouſe*, *Avignon*, *Aix*, *Valence*, *Paris*, and back to *Calais*, in the courſe of one year: And that your petitioner has acquitted himſelf ſo much to his maſter's ſatisfaction, that he has promiſed to take him next year to

to *Rome*; and upon his return, to get him a *fine-cure* place for the remainder of his days; and, as your petitioner can produce a certificate of his honeſty, ſobriety, ſteadineſs, and obedience to his maſter; and wiſhes to throw himſelf under the protection of a man of fortune, honour, and humanity, he is encouraged by his ſaid maſter to make this his humble prayer to you, who ſays, that to above three hundred letters he has lately written, to aſk a ſmall boon for himſelf, he did not receive above three anſwers that gave him the pleaſure your's did, though he had twenty times better pretenſions to an hundred and fifty. And as your petitioner has *ſeen a great deal of the world, as well as his maſter*, and has always obſerved, that ſuch men who are kind to their fellow-creatures, are kind alſo to brutes; permit an humble brute to throw himſelf at your feet, and to aſk upon his return from *Rome*, a *lean-to* ſhed, under your park-wall, that he may end his days in his native country, and afford a *repas*,

at

at his death, to the dogs of a Man who feeds the poor, cloaths the naked, and who knows how to make uſe of the nobleſt privilege which a large fortune can beſtow, —that of ſoftening the calamities of mankind, and making the hearts glad of thoſe who are oppreſſed with misfortunes.—Your petitioner, therefore, who has never been upon his *knees before* to any man living, humbly prays, that he may be admitted within your park-pail, and that he may partake of that bounty which you beſtow in common to your own ſervants, who, by age or misfortunes, are paſt their labour; in which requeſt your petitioner's maſter impowers him to uſe his name and joint prayer with

CALLE'E.

I do hereby certify, that nothing is advanced in the above petition, but what is ſtrictly true, and that if the petitioner had been able to expreſs himſelf properly, his merits and good qualities would have appeared

peared to much greater advantage, as well as his ſervices; as he has omitted many towns he attended his maſter to, beſides a variety of ſmaller journies; that he is cautious, wary, ſpirited, diligent, faithful, and honeſt; that he is not nice, but eats, with appetite and good temper, whatever is ſet before him; and that he is in all reſpects worthy of that aſylum he aſks, and which his maſter laments more on his account than his own, that he cannot give him.

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

Calais, the 4th of Nov.
1776.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

CALAIS.

ON our way here, we ſpent two or three days at *Chantilly*, one, of fifty *Chatteaus* belonging to the PRINCE of CONDE': for, though we had viſited this delightful place, two or three times, ſome years ago, yet, beſide its natural beauties, there is always ſomething new. One ſpot we found particularly pleaſing, nay flattering to an Engliſhman; it is called *l'Iſle d'Amour*, in which ther are ſome thatched cottages, a water-mill, a garden, ſhrubbery, &c. in the Engliſh taſte, and the whole is, in every reſpect, well executed. The dairy is neat, and the milk-maid not ugly, who has her little villa, as well as the miller. There is alſo a tea-houſe, a billiard-room, an eating-room, and ſome other little buildings, all externally in the Engliſh

Engliſh village ſtile, which give the lawn, and ſerpentine walks that ſurround them, a very paſtoral appearance. The eating-room is particularly well fancied, being coved within, and ſo painted as to produce a good idea of a cloſe arbor; the ſeveral windows, which are pierced through the ſides, have ſuch forms, as the fantaſtic turn of the bodies of the painted trees admit of; and the building is in a manner ſurrounded with natural trees; the room, when illuminated for the Prince's ſupper, has not only a very pleaſing effect, but is a well executed deception, for the real trees falling into perſpective with thoſe which are painted, through the variety of odd-ſhaped windows, has a very natural, and conſequently a very pleaſing effect; but what adds greatly to the deception, is, that at each corner of the room the floor is opened, and tumps of earth thrown up, which bear, in full perfection, a great variety of flowers and flowering ſhrubs. We had the honour to be admitted while the

Prince,

Prince of *Condé*, the Duke and Ducheſs of *Bourbon*, the Princeſs of *Monaco*, and two or three other ladies and gentlemen were at ſupper; a circumſtance which became rather painful to us, as it ſeemed to occaſion ſome to the company, and particularly to the Prince, who inquired who we were, and took pains to ſhew every ſort of politeneſs he could to ſtrangers he knew nothing of. The ſupper was elegantly ſerved on plate; but there ſeemed to me too many ſervants round the table. The converſation was very little, and very reſerved. I do not recollect that I ſaw ſcarce a ſmile during the whole time of ſupper.

The Prince is a ſprightly, agreeable man, ſomething in perſon like *Lord Barrington*; and the *Duke* of *Bourbon* ſo like his father, that it was difficult to know the ſon from the father.

The *Ducheſs* of *Bourbon* is young, handſome, and a moſt accompliſhed lady.

During the ſupper, a good band of muſic played; but it was all wind inſtruments. Mr. *Lejeune*, the firſt baſſoon, is a moſt capital performer indeed.

After the deſert had been ſerved up about ten minutes, the Princeſs of *Monaco* roſe from the table, as did all the company, and ſuddenly turning from it, each lady and gentleman's ſervant held them a water glaſs, which they uſed with great delicacy, and then retired.

The Princeſs of *Monaco* is ſeparated from the Prince her huſband; yet ſhe has beauty enough for any Prince in Europe, and brought fortune enough for two or three.

The Ducheſs of *Bourbon* had rather a low head-dreſs, and without any feather, or, that I could perceive, *rouge*; the Princeſs of *Monaco*'s head-dreſs was equally plain; the two other ladies, whoſe rank I do

do not recollect, wore black caps, and hats high dreſſed. There were eight perſons ſat down to table, and I think, about twenty-five ſervants, in and out of livery, attended.

The next day, we were admitted to ſee the Prince's cabinet of natural and artificial curioſities; and, as I intimated my deſign of publiſhing ſome account of my journey, the Prince was pleaſed to allow me as much time as I choſe, to examine his very large and valuable collection; among which is a caſe of gold medallions, (72) of the Kings of France, in ſucceſſion, a great variety of birds and beaſts, ores, minerals, petrifactions, gems, cameos, &c. There is alſo a curious cabinet, lately preſented to the Prince by the King of Denmark; and near it ſtood a moſt ſtriking repreſentation, in wax, of a preſent ſaid to be *ſerved up* to a late unfortunate Queen; it is the head and right hand of *Count Struenſee*, as they were taken off after the execution; the

head and hand lie upon a ſilver diſh, with the blood and blood-veſſels too, well executed; never ſurely was any thing ſo *ſadly*, yet ſo finely done. I defy the niceſt eye, however near, to diſtinguiſh it (ſuppoſe the head laid upon a pillow in a bed) from nature; nor muſt Mrs. *Wright*, or any of the workers in wax I have ever yet ſeen, pretend to a tythe of the perfection in that art, with the man who made this head.—Sad as the ſubject is, I could not withſtand the temptation of aſking permiſſion to take a copy of it; and, fortunately, I found the man who made it was then at *Paris*,—nor has he executed his work for me leſs perfect than that he made for the Prince.—I have been thus particular in mentioning this piece of art, becauſe, of the kind, I will venture to ſay, it is not only *deadly* fine, but one of the moſt perfect deceptions ever ſeen.

When you, or any of the ladies and gentlemen who have honoured this poor performance

performance of mine with their names, or their family or friends, paſs this way, I ſhall be happy to embrace that occaſion, to ſhew, that I have not ſaid more of this inimitable piece of art, than it merits; nor do I ſpeak thus poſitively from my own judgment, but have the concurrent opinion of many men of unqueſtionable judgment, that it is a maſter-piece of art, and among the reſt, our worthy and valuable friend Mr. *Sharp*, of the *Old Jewry*.

Before we left *Chantilly*, we had a little concert, to which *my train* added one performer; and as it was the only ſtring inſtrument, it was no ſmall addition.

The day we left this charming place, we found the Prince and all his company under tents and pavilions on the road-ſide, from whence they were preparing to follow the hounds.

At *Amiens*, there is in the *Hôtel de Ville*, a little antique god in bronze, which was

found, about four years ago, near a Roman urn, in the earth, which is very well worthy of the notice of a *connoiſſeur*; but it is ſuch as cannot decently be deſcribed; the perſon in whoſe cuſtody it is, permitted me to take an impreſſion from it in wax; but I am not *quite ſo good* a hand at wax-work as the artiſt mentioned above, and yet my little houſhold-god has ſome merit, a merit too that was not diſcovered till three months after it had been fixed in the *Hôtel de Ville*; and the diſcovery was made by a female, not a male, *connoiſſeur*.

It is ſaid, that a Hottentot cannot be ſo civilized, but that he has always a hankering after his ſavage friends, and *dried chitterlins*; and, that gypſies prefer their roving life to any other, a circumſtance that once did, but now no longer ſurprizes me; for I feel ſuch a deſire to wander again, that I am impatient till the winter is paſt, when I intend to viſit *Geneva*, and make the tour of Italy; and if you can find me out a

ſenſible

ſenſible valetudinarian or two, of either ſex, or any age, who will travel as we do, to ſee what is to be ſeen, to make a little ſtay, where *the place*, or *the people* invite us to do ſo; who can dine on a cold partridge, in a hot day, under a ſhady tree; and travel in a *landau and one*, we will keep them a *table d'hôte*, that ſhall be more pleaſant than expenſive, and which will produce more health and ſpirits, than half the drugs of Apothecary's-Hall.

If God delights ſo much in variety, as all things animate and inanimate ſufficiently prove, no wonder that man ſhould do ſo too: and I have now been ſo accuſtomed to move, though ſlowly, that I intend to creep on to my *journey's end*, by which means I may live to have been an inhabitant of every town almoſt in Europe, and die, as I have lately (and wiſh I had always) lived, a free citizen of the whole world, ſlave to no ſect, nor ſubject to any King. Yet, I would not be conſidered as

one wiſhing to promote that diſpoſition in others; for I muſt confeſs, that it is in England alone, where an innocent and virtuous man can ſit down and enjoy the bleſſings of liberty and his own chearful hearth, in full confidence that no earthly power can diſturb it; and the beſt reaſon which can be offered in favour of Engliſhmen viſiting other kingdoms, is, to enable them, upon their return, to know how to enjoy the ineſtimable bleſſings of their own.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

FOR what ſhould I croſs the ſtreight which divides us, though it were but *half* ſeven leagues? we ſhould only meet to part again, and purchaſe pleaſure, as moſt pleaſures are purchaſed, too dearly; I have dropt ſome heavy tears, (ideally at leaſt) over poor BUCKLE's* grave, and it is all one to a man, now with GOD! on what King's ſoil ſuch a *tribute as that* is paid: had ſome men of all nations known the goodneſs of his heart as we did, ſome men of all nations would grieve as we do. When I frequented *Morgan*'s,† I uſed him as a touch-ſtone, to try the hearts of other men upon; for, as he was not rich, he was out of the walk of knaves and flatterers, and ſuch men, who were not prejudiced in his favour at firſt ſight, and coveted not his company after a little acquaintance,

* WILLIAM BUCKLE, Eſq.

† MORGAN's Coffee-Houſe, Grove, BATH.

acquaintance, I always avoided as beings made of baſe metal. It was for this reaſon I deſpiſed that ****** ****, (you know who I mean) for you too have ſeen him *ſnarl, and bite, and play the dog*, even to BUCKLE!

Our Sunday night's tea-club, round his chearful hearth, is now for ever diſſolved, and SHARPE and RYE have adminiſtered their laſt friendly offices with a potion of ſorrow.

Were I the hermit of *St. Catherine*, I would chiſſel his name as deeply into one of my pine-heads, as his virtues are impreſſed on my memory. Though I have loſt *his guinea*, I will not loſe his name; he looked down with pity upon me when here; who can ſay he may not do ſo ſtill? I ſhould be an infidel, did not a few ſuch men as he *keep me back*.

And now, my dear Sir, after the many trifling ſubjects in this very long correſpondence

dence with you, I will avail myſelf of this good one, to cloſe it, on the nobleſt work of GOD, AN HONEST MAN. The loſs of ſuch a friend, is ſufficient to induce one to lay aſide all purſuits, but that of following his example, and to prepare to follow him.

If you ſhould ever follow me *here*, I flatter myſelf you will find, that I have, to the beſt of my poor abilities, made ſuch a ſketch of *men* and *things* on this ſide of the water, that you will be able to diſcover ſome likeneſs to the originals. A bad painter often hits the general features, though he fall ever ſo ſhort of the graces of *Titian*, or the *Morbidezza* of *Guido*. I am ſure, therefore, you and every man of candour, will make allowances for the many inaccuracies, defects, &c. which I am ſenſible theſe letters abound with, tho' I am incapable of correcting them. My journey, you know, was not made, as moſt travellers' are, to indulge in luxury, or in purſuit

purſuit of pleaſures, but to ſoften ſorrow, and to recover from a blow, which came from a mighty hand indeed! but a HAND, ſtill MORE MIGHTY, has enabled me to reſiſt it, and to return in health, ſpirits, and with that peace of mind which no *earthly power* can deſpoil me of, and with that friendſhip and regard for you, which will only ceaſe, when I ceaſe to be

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

Calais, Nov. 4,
1776.

P. S. I found *Berwick*'s regiment on duty in this town: it is commanded by *Monſ. le Duc de Fitz James*, and a number of Iriſh gentlemen, my countrymen, (for ſo I will call them.) You may eaſily imagine, that men who poſſeſs the natural hoſpitality of their own country, with the politeneſs and good-breeding of this, muſt be very agreeable acquaintance in general: But I am bound

bound to go farther, and to ſay, that I am endeared to them by marks of true friendſhip. The King of France, nor any Prince in Europe, cannot boaſt of troops better diſciplined; nor is the King inſenſible of their merit, for I have lately ſeen a letter written by the King's command, from *le Comte de St. Germain*, addreſſed to the officers of one of theſe corps, whereby it appears, that the King is truly ſenſible of their diſtinguiſhed merit; for braver men there are not in any ſervice:—What an acquiſition to France! what a loſs to Britain!

AS the *Marquis* of *Grimaldi* is retired from his public character, I am tempted to ſend you a ſpecimen of his private one, which, flattering as it is to me, and honourable to himſelf, I ſhould have with-held, had his Excellency continued firſt miniſter of Spain; by which you will ſee, that while my own countrymen united to ſet me in a ſuſpicious light, (though they thought otherwiſe) the miniſter's politeneſs and humanity made them tremble at the duplicity of their conduct; and had I been diſpoſed to have acted the ſame ſiniſter part they did, ſome of them might have been reminded of an old Spaniſh proverb,

" *A las màlas lénguas tigéras.*"

" Muy S^{or}. mio. Por la carta de 1° del
" corr^{te}. veo ſu feliz llegada a eſſa ciudád,
" en donde habia tomado una caſa, y por
" las cartas que me incluye, y debuelbo,
" reconoſco

" reconoſco los terminos honrados y re-
" comendables con que ha efectuado ſu
" ſalida de Inglaterra, coſa que yo nunca
" podria dudar.

" Deſeo que à V. S. le va'ya muy bien en
" eſte Reyno, y eſpero que me aviſará el ti-
" empo que ſe propuſiere detener en Bar-
" celona, y tambien quando ſe verificará
" ſu yda a Valencia: cuyo Pais ſe ha
" creydo el mas pròpio para ſu reſidencia
" eſtable, por la ſuavidad del clima y de-
" mas circunſtantias.——V. S. me hal-
" lará pronto a complacerle y ſervirle en
" lo que ſe le ofrezca: que es querido en el
" dia puédo decirle, referiendome ademas
" a mis cartas precedentes communicadas
" por medio de - - - - - - - - - - -
" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
" - - - - - - Dios quiere a V. S. M° c°
" d° S^r el 14 Nov^re. de 1775.

" B L. M. en. S.

" Su mayor ſer^or.

" El Marq^s de GRIMALDI.

" *A Don Felipe Thickneſs.*"

A Madame THICKNESSE.

VOilà Madame, quelques amuſemens de ma plume, vous avez paru les déſirer, mon empreſſement à vous obéïr ſera le mérite de ces légéres productions ; la premiére a eu aſſez de ſuccès en France, je doute qu'elle puiſſe en avoir un pareil en Angleterre, parce que le mot n'a peut-être pas la même ſignification, ce que nous appellons Grelot eſt une petite clochette fermée que l'on attache aux hochets des enfans pour les amuſer ; dans le ſens métaphyſique on en fait un des attributs de la folie : Ici je l'employe comme emblême de gaieté et d'enfance. Le Printems eſt une Epitre écrite de la campagne à un de mes amis ; j'étois ſous le charme de la création, pour ainſi dire ; les vers en ſont d'une meſure très difficile.

La deſcription de Courcelles eſt celle d'une terre qu'avoit ma mere, et où j'ai paſſé toute ma jeuneſſe ; enchantée de ſon payſage, et de la vie champêtre que j'aime de paſſion, je l'adreſſois à un honnête homme de Rheims que j'appellois par plaiſanterie mon Papa : ce que j'ai de meilleur dans

dans mon porte-feuille, ce ſont des chanſons pour mon mari ; comme je l'aime parfaitement mon cœur m'a ſervi de muſe : mais cette tendreſſe toujours ſi delicieuſe aux intereſſés ne peut plaire à ceux qui ne le ſont pas. Quand j'aurai l'honneur de vous revoir, Madame, je vous communiquerai mon recueil, et vous jugerez. Recevez les hommages reſpectueux de mon mari, et daignez faire agréer nos vœux à Monſ. Tiennerſe je n'ai point encore reçu les jolies poches, je pars demain pour la campagne, et j'y reſterai quinze jours ; nous avons des chaleurs cruelles, Meſſrs. les Anglois qui ſont ici en ſouffrent beaucoup, j'ai l'honneur d'être avec le plus inviolable attachement,

Madame,

Votre très humble

et très obéïſſante ſervante,

De Courcelles Desjardins.

28 Juillet, 1776.

Epitre au Grelot.

DE la folie aimable lot
Don plus brillant que la richeſſe,
Et que je nommerai ſageſſe
Si je ne craignois le fagot,
C'eſt toi que je chante ô Grelot !
Hochet heureux de tous les ages
L'homme eſt à toi dès le maillot,
Mais dans tes nombreux appanages
Jamais tu ne comptas le ſot :
De tes ſons mitigés le ſage
En tapinois ſe rejouït
Tandis que l'inſenſé jouït
Du plaiſir de faire tapage.
Plus envié que dédaigné
Par cette eſpece atrabilaire
Qui penſe qu'un air refrogné
La met au deſſus du vulgaire,
La privation de tes bienfaits
Seule fait naître ſa ſatyre ;
Charmante idole du françois
Chez lui réſide ton empire :

Tes

Tes détracteurs ſont les pedans,
Les avares et les amans
De cette gloire deſtructive
Qui peuple l'infernale rive,
Et remplit l'univers d' excès.
L'ambitieux dans ſon délire
N'eprouve que de noirs accès,
Le genre-humain ſeroit en paix,
Si les conquérans ſavoient rire.
Contre ce principe évident
C'eſt en vain qu'un cenſeur déclame,
Le mal ne ſe fait en riant.
Si de toi provient l'epigrame,
Son tour heureux n'eſt que plaiſant
Et ne nuit jamais qu'au méchant
Que ſa conſcience décéle.
Nomme t-on la roſe cruelle
Lorſqu'un mal-adroit la cueillant
Se bleſſe lui-même au tranchant
De l'epine qu' avec prudence
Nature fit pour ſa défenſe.
Tes ſimples et faciles jeux
Prolongent dit-on notre enfance
Cenſeur, que te faut-il de mieux !
Des abus, le plus dangereux,
Le plus voiſin de la démence

Eſt de donner trop d'importance
A ces chimères dont les cieux
Ont compoſé notre exiſtence
Notre devoir eſt d'être heureux
A moins de frais, à moins de vœux
De l'homme eſt toute la ſcience.
Par tes ſons toujours enchanteurs
Tu fais fuir la froide vieilleſſe
Ou plutôt la couvrant de fleurs
Tu lui rends l'air de la jeuneſſe.
Du temps tu trompes la lenteur,
Par toi chaque heure eſt une fête
Démocrite fut ton Docteur,
Anacréon fut ton Prophête ;
Tous deux pour ſages reconnus,
L'un riant des humains abus
Te fit ſonner dans ſa retraite
L'autre chantant à la guingette
Te donna pour pomme à *Venus*
Après eux ma ſimple muſette
T'offre ſes accens ingénus
Charmant Grelot, ſur ta clochette
Je veux moduler tous mes vers,
Sois toujours la douce amuſette
Source de mes plaiſirs divers
Heureux qui te garde en cachette
Et ſe paſſe l'univers.

Le

Le Printems.

Epitre à Monſ. D—.

Déja dans la plaine
On reſſent l'haleine
Du léger Zephir ;
Déja la nature
Sourit au plaiſir,
La jeune verdure
A l'eclat du jour
Oppoſe la teinte
Que cherit l'amour
Fuyant la contrainte,
Au pied des ormeaux ;
Ma muſe naïve
Reprend ſes pipeaux ;
Sur la verte rive
Aux tendres echos
Elle dit ces mots.

Volupté ſure
Bien ſans pareil !
O doux réveil
De la nature !
Que l'ame pure

Dans nos guérets
Avec yvreſſe
Voit tes attraits ;
De la tendreſſe
Et de la paix
Les doux bienfaits
Sur toute eſpéce
Vont s'epandant,
Et ſont l'aimant
Dont la magie
Enchaîne et lie
Tout l'univers
L'homme pervers
Dans ſa malice
Ferme ſon cœur
A ces delices,
Et de l'erreur
Des goûts factices
Fait ſon bonheur
La noire envie
Fille d'orgueil,
Chaque furie
Juſqu'au cercueil,
Tiſſe ſa vie.
Les vains déſirs
Des vrais plaiſirs

Sont

Sont antipodes ;
A ces pagodes
Culte ſe rend,
L'oeil s'y méprend
Et perd de vuë
Felicité,
La Déité
La plus couruë
La moins connuë.
Simple réduit
Et ſolitaire
Jadis conſtruit
Par le myſtére
Eſt aujourd'hui
Sa reſidence :
La bienveillance
Au front ſerein
De la déeſſe
Eſt la Prêtreſſe ;
Les ris badins
Sont ſacriſtains,
Joyeux fidelles,
De fleurs nouvelles
Offrent les dons.
Tendres chanſons
Tribut du Zele,

Jointes au ſon
De Philoméle,
De ſon autel
Sont le rituel
Dans ſon empire
Telle eſt la loi,
" Aimer et rire
" De bonne foy."
Cet Evangile
Peu difficile
Du vrai bonheur
Seroit auteur
Si pour apôtre
Il vous avoit ;
En vain tout autre
Le prêcheroit.
La colonie
Du double mont
Du vraie génie
Vous a fait don,
Sans nul caprice
Entrez en lice,
Et de Paſſif
Venant actif

Pour

Pour la Déeſſe
Enchantereſſe
Qui dans ces lieux
Nous rend heureux
Donnez moi roſe
Nouvelle écloſe :
Du doux Printems
Hâtez le tems
Il etincelle
En vos écrits,
Qu'il renouvelle
Mes Eſprits.
Adieu beau Sire,
Pour ce délire
Le ſentiment
Eſt mon excuſe.
S'il vous amuſe
Un ſeul moment,
Et vous rappelle
Un cœur fidelle
Depuis cent ans,
Comme le vôtre
En tous les tems
N'ai déſir autre.

FABLE

FABLE

Les Aquilons et l'Oranger.

De fougeux Aquilons une troupe emportée
Contre un noble Oranger éxhaloit ſes fureurs
Ils ſoufflerent en vain, leur rage mutinée
De l'arbre aux fruits dorés n'ôta que quelques fleurs.

MADRIGAL.

Du tumulte, du bruit, des vaines paſſions
Fuyons l'eclat trompeur : à leurs impreſſions
Préférons les douceurs de ce ſejour paiſible,
Diſoit un jour *Ariſte* à la tendre *Délos*.
Soit, repart celle-ci ; mais las ! ce doux repos
N'eſt que le pis-aller d'une ame trop ſenſible.

QUATRAIN.

Telle que ce ruiſſeau qui promene ſon onde
Dans des lieux ecartés loin du bruit et du monde
Je veux pour peu d'amis éxiſter deſormais
C'eſt loin des faux plaiſirs que l'on trouve les vrais.

REVERIE

REVERIE SUR UNE LECTURE.

Aux froids climats de l'ourſe, et dans ceux du midi,
L'homme toujours le même eſt vain, foible, et crédule,
Sa deviſe eſt partout *Sottiſe et Ridicule.*
Le célébre Chinois, le François étourdi
De la raiſon encor n'ont que le crepuſcule
Jadis au ſeul hazard donnant tout jugement,
Par les effets cuiſans du fer rougi qui brule
On croyoit diſcerner le foible et l'innocent ;
A Siam aujourd'hui pareille erreur circule,
Et l'on voit même eſprit ſous une autre formule :
Quand quelque fait obſcur tient le juge en ſuſpens
On fait aux yeux de tous à chaque contendant
D'Eſculape avaler purgative pillule,
Celui dont l'eſtomac répugne à pareil mets
Eſt réputé coupable et paye tous les frais.
Du pauvre genre-humain telles ſont les annales ;
Rome porta le deuil de l'honneur des veſtales,
Du Saint Pere à préſent, elle baiſe l'ergot :
Plus gais, non plus ſenſés dans ce ſiécle falot
Nous choiſiſſons au moins l'erreur la plus jolie :

De

De l'inquiſition, le bal, la comédie
Remplacent parmi nous le terrible fagot ;
Notre légéreté détruit la barbarie
Mais nous n'avons encor que changé de folie.

ENVOI A MON MARI.

Tandis, mon cher, que tes travaux
Me procurent ce doux repos
Et cette heureuſe inſouciance
But incertain de l'opulence ;
Mon ame l'abeille imitant
Aux pays d'eſprit élancée
Cueille les fleurs de la penſée
Et les remet aux ſentiment.
Mais helas ! dans ce vaſte champ
En vain je cherche la ſageſſe,
Près de moi certain Dieu fripon
Me fait quitter l'école de *Zenon*
Pour le charme de la tendreſſe ;
" L'homme eſt crée pour être bon
" Et non ſavant, dit il, qu'il aime,
" Du bonheur c'eſt le vrai ſyſtême
Je ſens, ma foi, qu'il a raiſon.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION

De la terre dans laquelle j'habitois, adreſſée à un homme très reſpectable que j'appellois mon Papa.

QUE vous êtes aimable mon cher Papa de me demander une deſcription de ma ſolitude. Votre imagination eſt gênée de ne pouvoir ſe la peindre. Vous voulez faire de *Courcelles* une ſeconde étoile du matin, et y lier avec moi un de ces commerces d'ames réſervés aux favoris de Brama. Votre idée ne me perdra plus de vue, j'en ferai mon génie tutélaire. je croirai à chaque inſtant ſentir ſa préſence, ah ! elle ne peut trop tôt arriver, montrons lui donc le chemin.

Quittant votre cité Rhémoiſe,
Ville ſi fertile en bons Vins,
En gras moutons, en bons humains,
Après huit fois trois mille toiſes
Toujours ſuivant le grand chemin,
On découvre enfin le village
Où ſe trouve notre hermitage.
Là rien aux yeux du voyageur

Ne

Ne preſente objet de ſurpriſe,
Petit ruiſſeau, des maiſons, une Egliſe
Tout à côté la hutte du Paſteur ;
Car ces Meſſieurs pour quelques Patenôtres
Pour un ſurplis, pour un vêtement noir
En ce monde un peu plus qu'en l'autre
Ont droit près du bon dieu d'établir leur manoir.

Ce début n'eſt pas fort ſeduiſant ; auſſi ne vous ai-je rien promis de merveilleux. Je pourrois cependant pour embellir ma narration me perdre dans de brillantes deſcriptions, et commencer par celle de notre clocher ; mais malheureuſement nous n'en avons point ; car je ne crois pas que l'on puiſſe appeller de ce nom l'endroit preſque ſouterrain où logent trois mauvaiſes cloches. Elles m'étourdiſſent par fois au point que ſans leur baptême, je les enverrois aux enfers ſonner les diners de *Pluton* et de *Proſerpine*.

On apperçoit près de l'Egliſe, entre elle et le curé, une petite fenêtre grillée, ceci eſt une vraie curioſité ; c'eſt un ſépulcre bâti par *Saladin d'Anglure*, ancien Seigneur de *Courcelles*, il vivoit du tems des croiſades, et donna comme les autres dans la manie du ſiécle. Il ne fut pas

pas plus heureux que ſes confreres. Son ſort fut d'être priſonnier du vaillant Saladin dont il conſerva le ſurnom. Sa captivité l'ennuyant, il fit vœu, ſi elle finiſſoit bientôt, de bâtir dans ſa Seigneurie un ſépulcre, et un calvaire à même diſtance l'un de l'autre qu'ils le ſont à Jéruſalem. C'eſt auſſi ce qu'il fit.

Quand par une aventure heureuſe,
Des fers du vaillant *Saladin*
Il revint chez lui ſauf et ſain ;
Mais la chronique ſcandaleuſe
Qui daube toujours le prochain,
Et ne ſe repâit que de blâme
Pretend que trop tôt pour Madame,
Et trop tard pour le Pelerin
Dans ſon Châtel il s'en revint.
Ce fut, dit on, le lendemain,
La veille, ou le jour que la Dame
Croyant ſon mari très benin
Parti pour la gloire éternelle
Venoit de contracter une hymenée nouvelle.

La tradition étoit en balance ſur ces trois dates ; mais la malignité humaine a donné la préférence à la derniére, enſorte qu'il paroit très ſur que l'Epoux n'arriva que le lendemain. Quel

Quel affront pour un chef couronné de lauriers!
Tel eſt pourtant le ſort des plus fameux guerriers;
Ceux d'aujourd'hui n'en font que rire
Mais ceux du tems paſſé mettoient la choſe au pis,
Ils n'avoient pas l'eſprit de dire
Nous ſommes quitte, et bons amis.

Pendant que vous êtes en train de viſiter nos antiquités courcelloiſes, il me prend envie de vous faire entrer dans notre réduit.

Quoique du titre de château,
Pompeuſement on le décore,
Ne vous figurez pas qu'il ſoit vaſte ni beau.
Tel que ces Grands que l'on honore
Pour les vertus de leurs ayeux
Pour tout mérite il n'a comme eux
Qu'un nom qui ſe conſerve encore.

Ainſi pour vous en former une juſte idée, ne cherchez votre modéle ni dans les romans, ni dans les miracles de féerie. Ce n'eſt pas même un vieux château fort, comme il en éxiſte encore quelques uns dans nos entours.

Point, on n'y voit foſſé ni baſtion
Ni demi-lune ni Dongeon,

Ni

Ni beaux dehors de ſtructure nouvelle
Mais bien une antique Tourelle
Flanquant d'aſſez vieux bâtimens
Dont elle eſt l'unique ornement.

Un Poëte de nos cantons a dit aſſez plaiſamment en parlant de ceci.

Sur les bords de la Veſle eſt un château charmant
(N'allez pas chicaner, Lecteur impertinent)
Le bâtiment à part, la Dame qui l'habite
Par ſes rares vertus en fait tout le mérite.
Vous verrez tout-à l'heure s'il avoit raiſon.

Je ne m'arrêterai point à vous peindre la ferme quoi qu'elle tienne au château, ni l'attirail des animaux de toute eſpèce qu'elle renferme.

Ces ſpectacles vraiment ruſtiques
Offrent pourtant plus de plaiſirs
A des regards philoſophiques,
Que ce que l'art et les deſirs
De notre inſatiable eſpèce
Inventent tous les jours aidés par la molleſſe.

Je vous ferai entrer tout de ſuite dans une grande cour de gazon où effectivement je voudrois

drois bien vous voir. Deux manieres de Perrons y conduiſent, l'un aux appartemens, l'autre à la cuiſine. Commençons par ce dernier quoique ce ne ſoit pas trop la coutume.

Là chaque jour, tant bien que mal,
On apprête deux fois un repas très frugal,
Mais que l'appétit aſſaiſonne.
Loin, bien loin, ces bruyans feſtins
Toujours ſuivis des médecins
Où le poiſon dans cent ragoûts foiſonne
Nous aimons mieux peu de mets bien choiſis
De la Santé, moins de plats, plus de ris.

Voilà nôtre deviſe mon cher Papa, je crois qu'elle eſt auſſi la vôtre ; notre réz de chauſſée conſiſte en cuiſine, office, ſalle à manger, chambre et cabinets, rien de tout cela n'eſt ni élegant ni commode.

Nos devanciers fort bonnes gens
N'entendoient rien aux ornemens
Et leurs déſirs ne paſſoient guére
Les bornes du ſeul neceſſaire.

Ils étoient plus heureux et plus ſages que nous, car la vraie ſageſſe n'eſt autre choſe que la modération

dération des desirs. D'après cette definition on pourroit, je crois, loger tout notre siécle aux petites maisons. Ce qu'il y a de plus agréable dans la notre est la vuë du grand chemin.

De ce chemin où chacun trotte
Où nous voyons soirs et matins
Passer toute espece d'humains;
Tantôt la gent portant calote,
Et tantôt de jeunes plumets,
Les rusés disciples d'Ignace
Puis ceux de la grace efficace,
Des piétons, des cabriolets
Tant d'Etres à deux pieds, sots, et colifichets,
Enfin cent sortes d'équipages,
Et mille sortes de visages.

Ce tableau mouvant est par fois fort récréatif, il me paroit assez plaisant d'y juger les gens sur la mine, et de deviner leur motif, et le sujet de leurs courses.

Mais, Papa, qu'il est consolant
Voyant leurs soins et leur inquiétude
De jouir du repos constant
Qu'on goute dans la solitude.

A dire vrai, le ſpectacle du grand chemin, eſt celui qui m'occupe le moins ; j'aime mille fois mieux nos promenades champêtres ; avant de vous y conduire, il faut en hiſtorien fidelle vous rendre compte de notre chaumiére.

Vous croyez peut-être trouver un premier étage au deſſus de la façade dont je vous ai parlé ? Point du tout. Ne vous ai-je pas dit que nos péres préferoient l'utile à l'agréable ; auſſi ont ils mieux aimé conſtruire de grands greniers que de jolis appartemens ; mais en revanche ils ont jetté quantité de petites manſardes ſur un autre côté du logis. Ce dernier donne ſur un verger qui fait mes délices, il eſt précédé d'un petit parterre, et finit par un bois charmant.

Une onde toujours claire et pure
Y vient accorder ſon murmure
Au ſon mélodieux de mille et mille oiſeaux
Que cachent en tous tems nos jeunes arbriſſeaux.

C'eſt là que votre fille ſe plait à rêver à vous mon cher Papa, c'eſt dans ce réduit agréable qu'elle s,occupe tour à tour de morale et de tendreſſe. *Epictete,*

Epictete, Pope, Zénon.

Et *Socrate*, et ſurtout l'ingenieux *Platon*,
Viennent dans ces lieux ſolitaires
Me prêter le ſecours de leurs doctes lumiéres:
Mais plus ſouvent la ſœur de l'enfant de Cypris
Ecartant ſans reſpect cette foule de ſages
Occupe ſeule mes eſprits
En y gravant de mes amis
Les trop ſéduiſantes images.

Je n'entreprendrai pas de vous peindre nos autres promenades, elles ſont toutes charmantes; un payſage coupé, quantité de petits boſquets, mille jolis chemins, nous procurent naturellement des beautés auxquelles l'art ne ſauroit atteindre.

La Veſle borde nos prairies
Sur ſa rive toujours fleurie
Regne un doux air de bergerie
Dangereux pour les tendres cœurs.
Là, qui ſe ſent l'ame attendrie
S'il craint de l'amour les erreurs
Doit vite quitter la partie.

Quittons la donc, mon cher Papa; auſſi bien ai-je ſeulement oublié de vous montrer la plus belle piéce de l'hermitage. C'eſt un canal ſuperbe. Il a cent vingt toiſes de long ſur douze de large, une eau courante et cryſtalline en rend la ſurface toujours brillante, ceſt la digne embléme d'un cœur ami, jugez ſi cette vuë me fait penſer à vous.

De grands potagers terminent l'enclos de la maiſon. Si j'étois méchante je continuerois ma deſcription, et ne vous ferois pas grace d'une laitue mais je me contenterai de vous dire que le ciel fit ſans doute ce canton pour des Etres broutans. Les fruits, et les legumes y ſont excellens. Si les Iſraëlites en euſſent mangé jadis, ils n'auroient ni regretté l'Egypte ni deſiré la terre promiſe.

Voilà mon cher Papa une aſſez mauvaize eſquiſſe du pays Courcellois.

L'air m'en ſeroit plus doux et le ciel plus ſerein
Si quelque jour, moins intraitable
Et ſe laiſſant flechir, le farouche Deſtin

Y conduiſoit ce *trio* tant amiable
Que j'aime, et chérirai ſans fin
Mais las! j'y perds tout mon latin
Et ce que de mieux je puis faire
Eſt d'eſpérer, et de me taire.

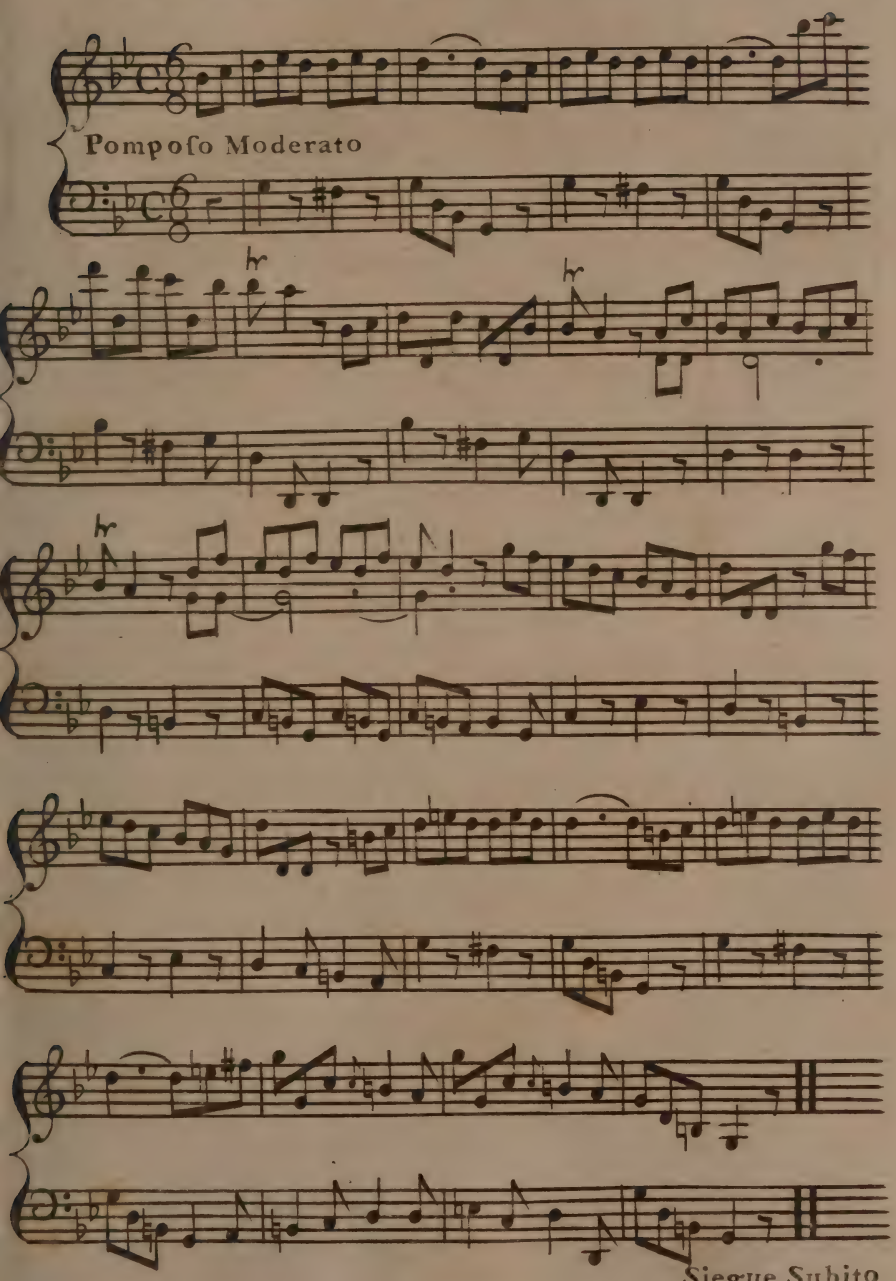
I Should have ſtopt here, and finiſhed my preſent correſpondence with you, by leaving your mind harmonized with the above ſweet ſtanzas of *Madame des Jardins*, but that it may ſeem ſtrange, to give a ſpecimen of one French Lady's literary talents, without acknowledging, that this kingdom abounds with many, of infinite merit.——While England can boaſt only of about half a dozen women, who will immortalize their names by their works, France can produce half an hundred, admired throughout Europe, for their wit, genius, and elegant compoſitions.——Were I to recite the names and writings only of fe-

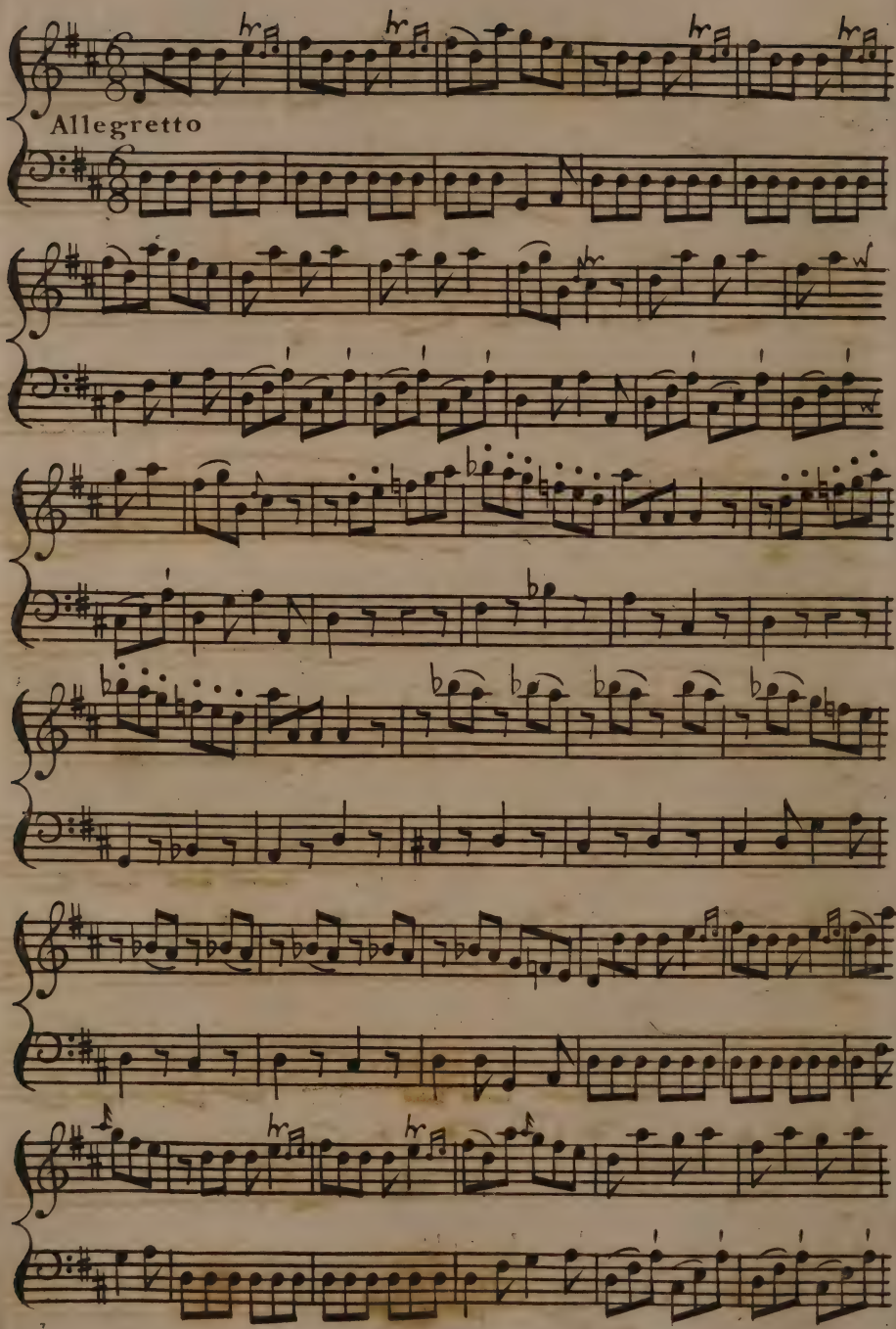
male authors of eminence, which France has produced, ſince the time of the firſt, and moſt unfortunate *Héloiſe*, who died in 1079, down to *Madame Riccoboni*, now living, it would fill a volume. We have, however, a CARTER, and a BARBAUD, not leſs celebrated for their learning and genius, than for their private virtues; and I think it may, with more truth, be ſaid of women, that the more knowledge, the more virtue; than of men, the more underſtanding, the leſs courage. Why then is the *plume elevated to the head?* and what muſt the preſent mode of female education and manners end in, but in more ignorance, diſſipation, debauchery, and luxury? and, at length, in national ruin. Thus it was at ROME, the miſtreſs of the world; they became fond of the moſt vitious men, and ſuch as meant to enſlave them, who corrupted their hearts, by humouring and gratifying their follies, and encouraging, on all ſides, idleneſs and diſſolute manners, blinded by CÆSAR's complaiſance; from his *almſmen*, they

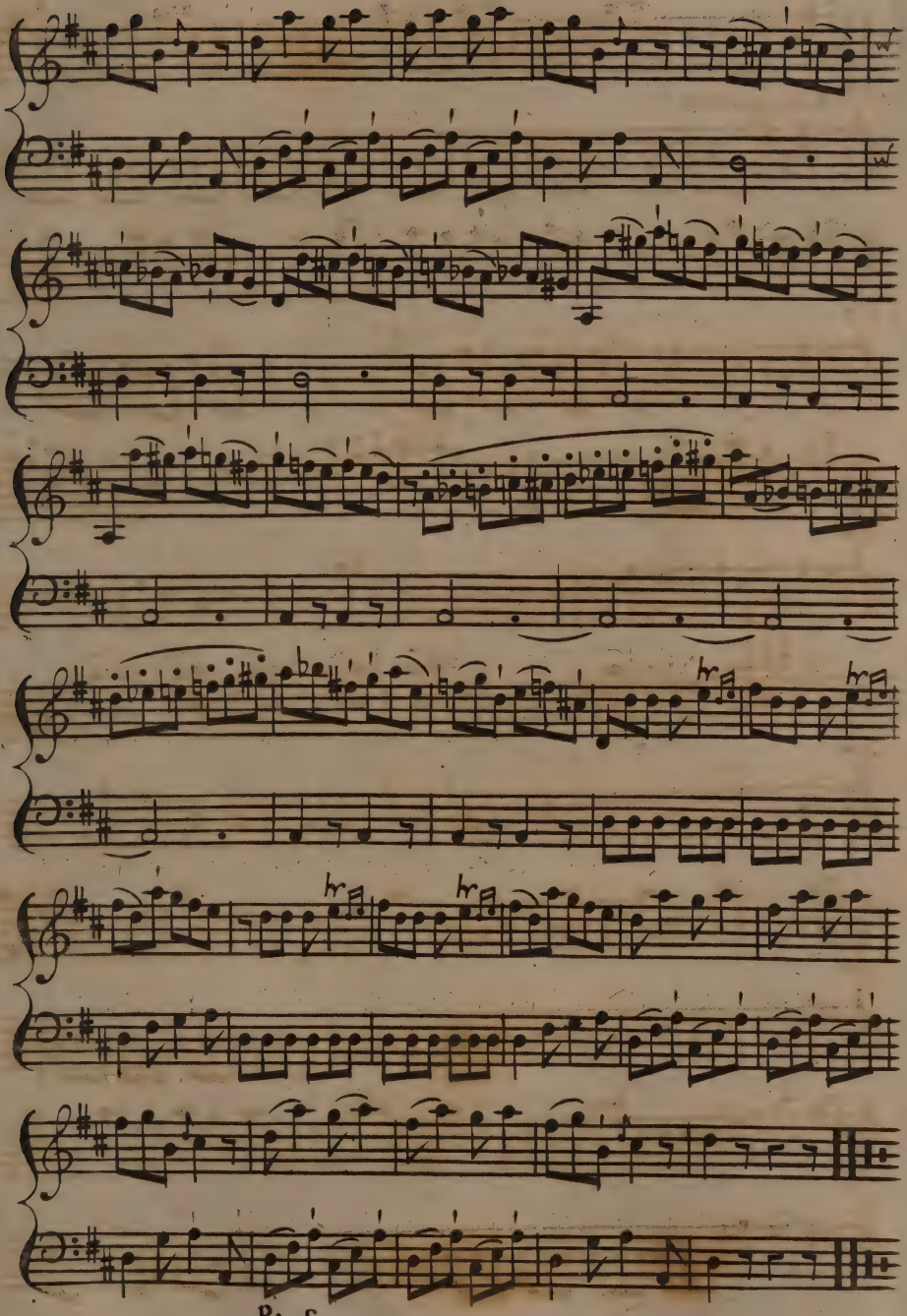
they became his *bondmen*; he charmed them in order to enſlave them. When the tragedy of *Tereus* was acted at ROME, *Cicero* obſerved, what plaudits the audience gave with their hands at ſome ſevere ſtrokes in it, againſt tyranny; but he very juſtly lamented, that they employed their hands, *only in the Theatre*, not in defending that liberty which they ſeemed ſo fond of.

AND now, as BAYES fays, "let's have "a Dance." ——

FANDANGO È LOS GIGANZAS.




Allegretto


tr
tr
tr
tr
p. f.

GENERAL HINTS

TO

STRANGERS

WHO

TRAVEL in FRANCE.

GENERAL

HINTS, &c.

I.

IF you travel poſt, when you approach the town, or bourg where you intend to lie, aſk the poſt-boy, which houſe he recommends as the beſt? and never go to that, if there is any other.—Be previouſly informed what other inns there are in the ſame place. If you go according to the poſt-boy's recommendation, the aubergiſte gives him two or three livres, which he makes you pay the next morning. I know but one auberge between *Marſeilles* and *Paris*,

Paris, where this is not a conſtant practice, and that is at *Vermanton*, five leagues from *Auxerre*, where every Engliſh traveller will find a decent landlord, *Monſieur Brunier, à St. Nicolas*; good entertainment, and no impoſition, and conſequently an inn where no poſt-boy will drive, if he can avoid it.

II.

If you take your own horſes, they muſt be provided with head-pieces, and halters; the French ſtables never furniſh any ſuch things; and your ſervant muſt take care that the *Garçon d'Ecurie* does not buckle them ſo tight, that the horſes connot take a full bite, this being a common practice, to ſave hay.

III.

If the *Garçon d'Ecurie* does not bring the halters properly rolled up, when he puts your horſes to, he ought to have nothing

nothing given him, becauſe they are ſo conſtantly accuſtomed to do it, that they cannot forget it, *but in hopes you may too.*

IV.

Direct your ſervant, not only to ſee your horſes watered, and corn given them, but to *ſtand by* while they eat it: this is often neceſſary in England, and always in France.

V.

If you eat at the *table d'Hôte,* the price is fixed, and you cannot be impoſed upon. If you eat in your own chamber, and order your own dinner or ſupper, it is as neceſſary to make a previous bargain with your hoſt for it, as it would be to bargain with an itinerant Jew for a gold watch; the *conſcience* and *honour* of a *French Aubergiſte,* and a travelling Jew, are always to be conſidered alike; and it is very remarkable, that the publicans in France, are the only

only people who receive ſtrangers with a cool indifference! and where this indifference is moſt ſhewn, there is moſt reaſon to be cautious.

VI.

Be careful that your ſheets are well aired, otherwiſe you will find them often, not only damp, but perfectly wet.—Frenchmen in general do not conſider wet or damp ſheets dangerous, at leaſt I am ſure French *Auberg̃iſtes* do not.

VII.

Young men who travel into France with a view of gaining the language, ſhould always eat at the *table d'Hôte*.——There is generally at theſe tables, an officer, or a prieſt, and though there may be none but people of a middling degree, they will ſhew every kind of attention and preference to a ſtranger.

VIII.

It is neceſſary to carry your own pillows with you; in ſome inns they have them; but in villages, *bourgs*, &c. none are to be had.

IX.

In the wine provinces, at all the *table d'Hôtes*, they always provide the common wine, as we do ſmall beer; wine is never paid for ſeparately, unleſs it is of a quality above the *vin du Pays*; and when you call for better, know the price *before* you drink it.

X.

When fine cambrick handkerchiefs, &c. are given to be waſhed, take care they are not trimmed round two inches narrower, to make borders to *Madame la Blanchiſſeuſe*'s night caps: this is a little *douceur* which they think themſelves enti-

tled to, from my Lord *Anglois*, whom they are ſure is *très riche*, and conſequently ought to be plundered by the poor.

XI.

Whenever you want honeſt information, get it from a French officer, or a prieſt, provided they are on the *wrong* ſide of forty; but in general, avoid all acquaintance with either, on the *right* ſide of thirty.

XII.

Where you propoſe to ſtay any time, be very cautious with whom you make an acquaintance, as there are always a number of officious forward Frenchmen, and Engliſh adventurers, ready to offer you their ſervices, from whom you will find it very difficult to diſengage yourſelf, after you have found more agreeable company.——Frenchmen of real faſhion, are very circumſpect, and will not *fall in love with you* at firſt ſight; but a deſigning knave

knave will exerciſe every ſpecies of flattery, in order to fix himſelf upon you for his dinner, or what elſe he can get, and will be with you before you are up, and after you are in bed.

XIII.

Wherever there is any cabinet of curioſities, medals, pictures, &c. to be ſeen, never make any ſcruple to ſend a card, deſiring permiſſion to view them; the requeſt is flattering to a Frenchman, and you will never be refuſed; and beſides this, you will in all probability thereby gain a valuable acquaintance.——It is generally men of ſenſe and philoſophy, who make ſuch collections, and you will find the collector of them, perhaps, the moſt pleaſing part of the cabinet.

XIV.

Take it as a maxim, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Perſians, that whenever you are invited to a ſupper at

Paris, *Lyons*, or any of the great cities, where a *little* trifling play commences before ſupper, that GREAT PLAY is intended after ſupper; and that you are the marked pigeon to be plucked. Always remember *Lord Cheſterfield*'s advice to his ſon: "If "you play with men, know with *whom* "you play; if with women, for *what*:" and don't think yourſelf the more ſecure, becauſe you ſee at the ſame table ſome of your own countrymen, though they are Lords or Ladies; a *London* gambler would have no chance in a *Pariſian* party.

XV.

Dreſs is an eſſential and moſt important conſideration with every body in France. A Frenchman never appears till his hair is well combed and powdered, however ſlovenly he may be in other reſpects.——Not being able to ſubmit every day to this ceremony, the ſervant to a gentleman of faſhion at whoſe houſe I viſited in *Marſeilles*, having forgot my name, deſcribed me to his maſter,

maſter, as the gentleman whoſe hair was *toujours mal friſé*.—Dreſs is a fooliſh thing, ſays *Lord Cheſterfield*; yet it is a fooliſh thing not to be well dreſſed.

XVI.

You cannot dine, or viſit after dinner, in an undreſs frock, or without a bag to your hair; the hair *en queüe*, or a little cape to your coat, would be conſidered an unpardonable liberty. Military men have an advantage above all others in point of dreſs, in France; a regimental or military coat carries a man with a *bonne grace* into all companies, with or without a bag to his hair; it is of all others the propereſt dreſs for a ſtranger in France, on many accounts.

XVII.

In France it is not cuſtomary to drink to perſons at table, nor to drink wine after dinner: when the deſert is taken away, ſo is the wine;—an excellent cuſtom, and worthy of being obſerved by all nations.

XVIII.

XVIII.

It is wrong to be led into any kind of converſation, but what is abſolutely neceſſary, with the common, or indeed the middling claſs of people in France. They never fail availing themſelves of the leaſt condeſcenſion in a ſtranger, to aſk a number of impertinent queſtions, and to conclude, if you anſwer them civilly, that they are your equals.—Sentiment and baſhfulneſs are not to be met with, but among people of rank in France: to be free and eaſy, is the etiquette of the country; and ſome kinds of that free and eaſy manner, are highly offenſive to ſtrangers, and particularly to a ſhy Engliſhman.

XIX.

When well-bred people flatter ſtrangers, they ſeldom direct their flattery to the object they mean to compliment, but to one of their own country:—As, what a *bonné grace*

grace the Engliſh have, ſays one to the other, in a whiſper loud enough to be heard by the whole company, who all give a nod of conſent; yet in their hearts they do not love the Engliſh of all other nations, and therefore conclude, that the Engliſh in their hearts do not love them.

XX.

No gentleman, prieſt, or ſervant, male or female, ever gives any notice by knocking, before they enter the bed-chamber, or apartment of ladies or gentlemen.—The poſt-man opens it, to bring your letters; the capuchin, to aſk alms; and the gentleman, to make his viſit. There is no privacy, but by ſecuring your door by a a key or a bolt; and when any of the middling claſs of people have got poſſeſſion of your apartment, particularly of a ſtranger, it is very difficult to get them out.

XXI.

There is not on earth, perhaps, ſo curious and inquiſitive a people as the lower

claſs of French: noiſe ſeems to be one of their greateſt delights. If a ragged boy does but beat a drum or ſound a trumpet, he brings all who hear it about him, with the utmoſt ſpeed, and moſt impatient curioſity.—As my monkey rode poſtillion, in a red jacket laced with ſilver, I was obliged to make him diſmount, when I paſſed thro' a town of any ſize: the people gathered ſo rapidly about me at *Moret*, three leagues from *Fontainbleau*, while I ſtopped only to buy a loaf, that I verily believe every man, woman, and child, except the ſick and aged, were paying their reſpects to my little groom; all infinitely delighted; for none offered the leaſt degree of rudeneſs. I fear a Frenchman could not have paſſed in the ſame manner, ſo agreeably, through a country town in England.

XXII.

The French never give coffee, tea, or any refreſhment, except upon particular occaſions, to their morning or evening viſitors.

XXIII.

XXIII.

When the weather is cold, the fire ſmall, and a large company, ſome young Frenchman ſhuts the whole circle from receiving any benefit from it, by placing himſelf juſt before it, laying his ſword genteely over his left knee, and flattering himſelf, while all the company wiſh him at the devil, that the ladies are admiring his legs: when he has gratified his vanity, or is thoroughly warm, he ſits down, or goes, and another takes his place. I have ſeen this abominable ill-breeding kept up by a ſet of *accompliſhed* young fops for two hours together, in exceeding cold weather. This cuſtom has been tranſplanted lately into England.

XXIV.

Jealouſy is ſcarce known in France; by the time the firſt child is born, an indifference generally takes place: the huſband and wife

wife have their ſeparate acquaintance, and purſue their ſeparate *amuſements*, undiſturbed by domeſtic ſquabbles: when they meet in the evening, it is with perfect good humour, and in general, perfect good breeding. —— When an Engliſh wife plays truant, ſhe ſoon becomes abandoned: it is not ſo with the French; they preſerve appearances and proper decorum, becauſe they are ſeldom attached to any particular man. While they are at their toilet, they receive the viſits of their male acquaintance, and he muſt be a man of uncommon diſcernment, who finds out whom it is ſhe prefers at that time.——In the ſouthern parts of France, the women are in general very *free* and *eaſy* indeed.

XXV.

It is ſeldom that virgins are ſeduced in France; the married women are the objects of the men of gallantry. The ſeduction of a young girl is puniſhed with death;

death; and when they fall, it is generally into the arms of their confeſſor,—and that is ſeldom diſcloſed. Auricular confeſſion is big with many miſchiefs, as well as much good. Where the penitent and the confeſſor happen both to be young, he makes her confeſs not only all her ſins, but ſinful thoughts, and then, I fear, he knows more than his prudence can abſolve *decently*, and even when the confeſſor is old, the penitent may not be out of danger.

XXVI.

Never aſk a Frenchman his age; no queſtion whatever can be more offenſive to him, nor will he ever give you a direct, though he may a civil anſwer.——*Lewis* the XVth was always aſking every man about him, his age. A King may take that liberty, and even then, it always gives pain.——*Lewis* the XIVth ſaid to *Comte de Grammont*, "*Je ſais votre âge, l'Evêque de Senlis qui a* 84 *ans, m'a donné pour époque, que vous aver étudié enſemble dans la même claſſe.*

claſſe." *Cet Evêque, Sire,* (replied the *Comte,*) *n'accuſe pas juſte, car ni lui, ni moi n'avons jamais Etudié.*——Before I knew how offenſive this queſtion was to a Frenchman, I have had many equivocal anſwers,—ſuch as, *O! mon dieu,* as old as the town, or, I thank God, I am in good health, &c.

XXVII.

A modern French author ſays, that the French language is not capable of the *jeux de mots. Les jeux de mots* are not, ſays he, in the genius *de notre langue, qui eſt grave, de ſérieuſe.* Perhaps it may be ſo; but the language, and the men, are then ſo different, that I thought quite otherwiſe,—though the following beautiful ſpecimen of the ſeriouſneſs of the language ought, in ſome meaſure, to juſtify his remark:

Un ſeul eſt frappé, & tous ſont delivrés,
Dieu frappe ſons fils innocent, pour l'amour
Des hommes coupables, & pardonne aux hommes
Coupables, pour l'amour de ſon fils innocent.

XXVIII.

All Engliſh women, as well as women of other nations, prefer France to their own country; becauſe in France there is much leſs reſtraint on their actions, than there is, (ſhould I not ſay, than there *was?*) in England. All Engliſhmen, however, who have young and beautiful wives, ſhould, if they are not indifferent about their conduct, avoid a trip to *Paris*, &c. tho' it be but for "*a ſix* "*weeks' tour*:" She muſt be good and wiſe too, if ſix weeks does not corrupt her mind and debauch her morals, and that too by her own ſex, which is infinitely the moſt dangerous company. A French woman is as great an adept at laughing an Engliſhwoman into all contempt of fidelity to her huſband, as married Engliſh women are in general, in preparing them during their firſt pregnancy, for the touch of a man-midwife,—and both from the ſame motive; *i. e.* to do, as they have done, and bring all the ſex upon a level.

XIX. The

XXIX.

The French will not allow their language to be ſo difficult to ſpeak properly, as the Engliſh language; and perhaps they are in the right; for how often do we meet with Engliſhmen who ſpeak French perfectly? how ſeldom do we hear a Frenchman ſpeak Engliſh, without betraying his country by his pronunciation? It is not ſo with the Spaniards; I converſed with two Spaniards who were never twenty miles from *Barcelona*, that ſpoke Engliſh perfectly well.—How, for inſtance, ſhall a Frenchman who cannot pronounce the Engliſh, be able to underſtand, (great as the difference is) what I mean when I ſay *the ſun is an hour high?* May he not equally ſuppoſe that I ſaid *the ſun is in our eye?*

XXX.

When you make an agreement with an *aubergiſte* where you intend to lie, take care to include beds, rooms, &c. or he will charge ſeparately for theſe articles.

XXXI. After

XXXI.

After all, it muſt be confeſſed, that *Monſ. Deſſein's, à l'Hôtel d' Angleterre* at *Calais*, is not only the firſt inn ſtrangers of faſhion generally go to, but that it is alſo the firſt and beſt inn in France. *Deſſein* is the decoy-duck, and ought to have a ſalary from the French government: he is always ſure of a good one from the Engliſh.

XXXII.

In frontier or garriſon towns, where they have a right to examine your baggage, a twenty-four *ſols* piece, and aſſuring the officer that you are a gentleman, and not a merchant, will carry you through without delay.

XXXIII.

Thoſe who travel poſt ſhould, before they ſet out, put up in parcels the money for the number of horſes they uſe for one poſt,

poſt, two poſts, and a poſt *et demi*, adding to each parcel, that which is intended to be given to the driver, or drivers, who are intitled by the King's ordnance to five *ſols* a poſt; and if they behave ill, they ſhould be given no more; when they are civil, ten or twelve *ſols* a poſt is ſufficient. If theſe packets are not prepared, and properly marked, the traveller, eſpecially if he is not well acquainted with the money, cannot count it out while the horſes are changing, from the number of beggars which ſurround the carriage, and who will take no denial.

XXXIV.

People of rank and condition, either going to, or coming from the continent, by writing to PETER FECTOR, Eſq; at *Dover*, will find him a man of property and character, on whom they may depend.

LASTLY,

Valetudinarians, or men of a certain age, who travel into the ſouthern parts of France,

France, Spain, or Italy, ſhould never omit to wear either a callico or fine flannel waiſt-coat under their ſhirts: ſtrange as it may ſeem to ſay ſo, this precaution is more neceſſary in the ſouth of France, than in England. In May laſt it was ſo hot at *Lyons*, on the ſide of the ſtreets the ſun ſhone on, and ſo cold on the ſhady ſide, that both were intolerable. The air is much more *vif* and penetrating in hot climates, than in cold. A dead dog, thrown into the ſtreets of Madrid at night, will not have a bit of fleſh upon his bones after it has been expoſed to that keen air twenty-four hours.

FINIS.

Of the Publiſher hereof may be had,

By the ſame Author,

A TREATISE on the Art of DECYPHERING,

And of WRITING in CYPHER.

With an HARMONIC ALPHABET.